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Week of May 11, 1941

Art Vs. Fashion

By Alastair K. Macdonald *Verses by* Phyllis McGinley

1—*Pygmalion, Junior, once surveyed*
A statue that his hands had made,
And sighed that he should never see a
Woman fair as Galatea.

2—*"A maid like this were worth my passion—*
So pure, so undefiled by Fashion."
When lo! the statue, as she faced him,
Leaned down and suddenly embraced him.

3—*As Pyggy, dazed, cried out her name,*
Down from her pedestal she came,
Whispering, "Your sweet words amuse me,
But for the moment, pray excuse me."

4—*Away she sped on wings of laughter,*
With poor Pygmalion hurrying after,
Shouting, "Come back, rash maid! You know
Your place is in the studio."

5—*Over her shoulder flinging kisses,*
She answered, "Not your modern misses!"
Nor did she pause, nor did she stoppe
Until she reached a Fashion Shoppe.

6—*Too slow, Pygmalion lost the chase.*
The doors were slammed shut in his face,
But from within, "Dear boy," she cried,
"I won't be long. Just wait outside."

7—*He paced the street. He tore his hair.*
Hour by hour he waited there
Till, just at dusk, with mincing sally,
The maid emerged. Was this his Gally?

8—*From slippered toe to platinum curl,*
Gone his demure and classic girl.
"Hussy," he shrieked, "I'm still the master!
Back you go to simple plaster."

9—*So back he took her, it appears,*
Despite her pleadings and her tears.
And that, I think, is what befalls
When ladies leave their pedestals.

Parents Who Are Ordinarily Courteous and Considerate of Other People, Make the Mistake of Being Blunt and Rude With Their Own Youngsters.

How To Cure Bad-Mannered Youngsters

AS PARENTS, how can we help our children to achieve good social manners?

"Well, first of all we can show them that we consider them individuals who are entitled to both courtesy and consideration," says Dorothy E. Bradbury, of the Iowa Child Welfare Research Station at the University of Iowa. "Unfortunately many parents who are ordinarily good mannered, are quite discourteous to their own children.

"In a certain home the young man of the house came into the living room eager to greet a family friend that he had not seen for some time. Before he could speak his mother remarked, 'Really, Bill, you look a mess. Couldn't you have combed your hair first?' Bill flushed with embarrassment, spoke hastily to the visitor, and then quickly left the room.

"Would Bill's mother have made a similar remark if one of her women friends had dropped in with a shiny nose? Most certainly not. She would have thought it rude and uncalled for. Yet she considered such remarks legitimate methods to use with her son." Miss Bradbury says and points out why discipline so short-sighted fails to accomplish what it sets out to do.

In the last analysis, says this psychologist, parents' manners determine whether the child's manners will be good, bad, or indifferent, for children are great imitators. Children will be polite if the parents are polite to them and if they hear politeness constantly in their homes.

Thus if a parent wants his child to say, "thank you" when given something, he only needs to be sure and say "thank you" to the child on such occasions. Similarly if, when the parent bumps into the child or interferes with what he is doing, he says, "excuse me," he will soon hear his child doing the same thing. In social manners as elsewhere, Miss Bradbury believes, we should depend more upon example and imitation than upon words of command.

Should a youngster forget his manners, it is best to ignore it, at least temporarily. If the parent scolds the child he will make the use of good manners an unpleasant duty instead of a pleasant activity. Above everything else good manners should be spontaneous.

Thus, points out Miss Bradbury, scolding a child for awkwardness at the table only makes him more awkward. Remarks such as, "Why don't you use your fork correctly? Mrs. Brown, does your boy have such terrible table manners as Bruce has? I think he gets worse every day," do not help in the acquisition of good table manners. In such cases we should ask ourselves if it is more important for the child to have good manners at the table or to be cheerful and sweet-tempered while eating.

All of us would agree, continues this authority, that there is undoubtedly an advantage to a child in having some training in social usages. Yet on the other hand we all know children who have suffered because of too great emphasis on conventional manners at too early an age. No eight-year-old boy can be made into a cavalier and most of us dislike the prim little maid whose manners are too perfect for a child of her age. We have an uncomfortable feeling that perhaps something of normal childish spontaneity has been sacrificed to secure self-conscious perfection in adult manners. Parents should never sacrifice the honesty and spontaneous friendliness of a child for artificial manners that can be shown off to advantage.

But suppose a parent feels that he must give the child some constructive help on some specific social usage? It should by all means be given when he is alone with the child to avoid embarrassment. A parent can help constructively if he says "I noticed at lunch today how nicely you have learned to handle your knife and fork. You had to work hard to learn that, didn't you? Now I think you need to try and manage the way in which you eat soup. It's done this way." Even an adolescent child can appreciate the fact that such training will help him adjust to a social occasion easier and with less embarrassment later.

Above all, our training should be such as to make children feel at ease in social situations, Miss Bradbury concludes. This is accomplished best by teaching social conventions early and in as natural a way as possible. Acting on the theory that correct social conduct is based on real self-composure, one mother of four children evolved a plan for a "party" every Friday afternoon to help her children develop social poise and courtesy. At first the mother was the hostess greeting each child, and reassuring and leading in conversation. Later she was "guest of honor" and the children took turns at being host or hostess.

Once having achieved the social usages required in a given situation, the child should be given a chance to use them. If a boy never attends a dinner party where the best service is employed until he is a senior in high school, he will never develop the desired grace in such situations. Similarly a girl who does not learn to dance until she is a sophomore in college is always running the risk of being a wallflower. Social customs cannot be learned in a vacuum.

In our attempt to inculcate good manners, as parents, we too often destroy the ease and absence of self-consciousness that are essential to them. And above all we should remember that good manners based on friendliness and consideration for other people are more important than mere conventional politeness.

The Clever Crook Who Terrorized Five Towns With A Glee Club

WHEN Joseph Rausch, a schoolmaster, retired on a pension at 50 years of age people in the town of Sashalom near Budapest envied him.

Rausch owned a cottage and a good-sized garden. Gardening had always been his hobby and now he decided to make money at it. Two of his three remarkably pretty daughters held good jobs. Anna, Violet and Margit, were unquestionably the belles of Sashalom, and no one doubted that they would make brilliant matches. There was no lack of admirers. Boys were continually at the Rausch home. They made ardent love to all three girls, proposed often and brought friends who, in turn, fell in love with the girls. Anna, Violet and Margit enjoyed the love-making, rejected the proposals, and a good time was had by all.

Contrary to most fathers, the schoolmaster had no objection to these goings-on. "I'm fond of having young people in the house," he would say, and cheerfully provided plenty of drinks. He even organized a glee club of which all his daughters' admirers were members.

"Just a little family affair," Rausch used to tell neighbors who mentioned the parties of 10 or 12 boys assembled at the cottage night after night, for glee club rehearsals that lasted far into the small hours.

The good burghers of Sashalom sometimes awoke after midnight and heard men's voices raised in songs. Sometimes they wondered how Joseph Rausch, on his meagre pension and an equally scant income from his garden, could afford a party every night, but it was no concern of theirs, so they turned over and went to sleep.

Besides a good many other things were happening at this time to disturb the dreams of the citizens of Sashalom and the neighboring communities. Night after night burglaries occurred in the small townships of Cinkota, Rakoszeztmihaly, Matyasfold and Arnafold as well as in Sashalom itself.

Night After Night the Musical Young Men Came to Sing With the Old Schoolmaster and His Pretty Daughters—But Their Racket Was Finally Smashed by the Police.

These are Summer resorts, and during the Winter many villas and cottages are closed. Apparently a well-organized gang made a practice of breaking into and stripping such homes of furniture, clothes, radios, rugs and anything valuable they could lay hands on. But the burglars didn't restrict themselves to unoccupied houses. Night after night they called at homes in one or more of the five towns, stole chickens from poultry-yards, automobiles from garages, wine from the cellars and coats from hall racks.

The police were completely baffled. The gang apparently had many members, for in the few cases where suspicious-looking individuals had been seen near places robbed their descriptions never tallied. Undoubtedly the gang leader was familiar with local conditions.

The scared and angry inhabitants of the villages did what they could to protect themselves. Mrs. Bernatek, widow of a music teacher, bought a fierce watch dog and proudly told her neighbor, Mr. Rausch, that no stranger could possibly enter her yard now that the animal was on guard.

"I haven't dared leave the house for weeks," she said, "for fear of a visit from the burglars. But now that I've got Tim I feel safe, and I'm going to the pictures this afternoon."

"That's fine," said Mr. Rausch heartily, "and come and have a bite of supper with us afterwards—the wife will be delighted. We are having a little glee club practice —you'll enjoy that."

Mrs. Bernatek did enjoy it, especially Mrs. Rausch's lavish hospitality. There were mounds of delicious fried chicken for supper. Prodigious quantities were consumed by the bright young people who sat around the Rausch's table. Mrs. Bernatek, who was musical, couldn't help noticing that some of the glee club members didn't have much idea of group singing, but then, she thought, it wasn't surprising for young men were drawn to the pretty Rausch girls like moths to a flame. And they certainly were in high spirits. The whole party would burst out laughing even when Mrs. Bernatek couldn't see any joke—when she asked for another helping of the fried chicken, for instance, or praised the excellent meal.

The joke began to dawn upon her when she went home and discovered that her hen house was empty. Tim, the fierce watch dog, lay fast asleep in his dog-house, apparently drugged. The burglars had called in Mrs. Bernatek's absence, and beside her chickens had stolen a handsome silver platter from her sideboard and a Persian rug from her bedroom.

Could she have eaten her own chickens for supper? Those suspicious giggles gave her something to think about. Perhaps Mrs. Rausch had bought her chickens from the thieves. Anyhow, her notions were worth telling the police about.

And they were. The authorities watched all the comings and goings of the Rausch's suitors. It wasn't easy and often they lost the trail. But what they did learn hit Sashalom like a bomb shell. Rausch's glee club had committed all the burglaries of the past months. The club provided a fine front because while half a dozen boys sang loudly at the house, the others robbed places which Rausch had spotted.

"I just couldn't help stealing," said Rausch to the District Court. "How could I resist walking out with Mrs. Bernatek's poultry when she was so stupidly confident of her dog? It was a pleasure to train the gifted boys. But then I've always had a way with young people."

Eugene Boer, Bela Menich, Frank Vrabely, Edwin Steindl, Will Kittel, Tibor Vecsey and three other boys under 21, whose names were withheld in court, unanimously supported Rausch's story. None of them had previously committed any crimes. The girls' mother had given them good meals, the father had given them more drinks than were good for them, and they did just what he wanted. Most of the boys came from respectable families and some held well-paid jobs.

Joseph Rausch was sentenced to three years in jail. The court bore down on him because, as a former schoolmaster, it was his duty to maintain youthful morals instead of undermining them. The "boys" were sentenced to shorter prison terms and the three pretty girls and their mother are serving time as receivers of stolen goods.

The Wife Said Calmly, "Ramo I Love You and I Have Decided to Marry You Off to Another Girl, the Young and Beautiful Ferida. She Is Willing."

Married Her Husband To Her Best Friend

ALMOST every day in every civilized city in the world the newspapers report the bitter trials and tribulations of people who get themselves involved in the familiar situation called "the eternal triangle."

Sometimes it is "the other woman," and sometimes it is "the other man" who make the third and troublesome corner of the three-sided domestic figure.

People who are used to reading about such shenanigans will find it hard to believe that a peasant wedding in the town of Gnjilane, Yugoslavia, was, in a strange way, the fruit of an amiable triangle.

The happy bridegroom at this wedding was one Ganije Ibraimovich and the bride was the daughter of a prosperous peasant farmer. But, oddly enough, the new Mr. and Mrs. Ibraimovich were not the big news at the celebration. The spotlight of attention, and of publicity, fell upon the young man's father and his two "mothers," both of whom have been living happily with his dad for more than thirty years.

The fact that Ramo Ibraimovich, a Yugoslav Moslem, had been living with two women for the better part of his married life never was a village scandal because his neighbors understood the extraordinary situation.

Under the laws of his religion it was possible for Mr. Ibraimovich to support more than one spouse, but such a practice is frowned upon in Yugoslavia and the man himself wasn't particularly in favor of it. Some forty-five years ago he fell in love with and married a buxom farmer's daughter by the name of Shina. Her stocky figure and her rosy complexion gave promise of a large family to swell the vital statistics of Gnjilane.

Year after year passed and no little Ibraimoviches came to bless the farmer's household. Shina prayed to Allah. She wore gadgets bearing strange inscriptions around her neck. She ate especially blessed loaves of bread, all in the hope that these activities would, somehow, make her a fruitful wife. Nothing happened.

Ramo and Shina had been married fifteen years. They were as much in love as ever, but it looked as though there would be no heir to the peasant's fertile acres. It was Shina who finally decided to do something about it.

One night, so the story goes, the Ibraimovichs were sitting in the kitchen of their modest home.

"Ramo, dear," said Shina, "I'm getting older and we have no children. I have a plan I want to talk over with you."

"It doesn't matter," said the farmer, "but what is this scheme of yours? Do you think I should get rid of you? If you do, there is no point in our talking about it."

"No, I don't want you to get rid of me. I want you to marry another girl—Ferida."

"But she is your best friend!" said the Moslem who had never considered polygamy as a way out.

"That's why I have selected her," said his wife. "She's young. She's pretty. She's a good girl—and she comes from a line in which big families are common."

"Does she know about this plan of yours?" asked Ramo.

"She does, and after much talking I have convinced her that it is the right thing to do. I have talked with her people too. They are willing that Ferida should help us."

Ramo Ibraimovich was the last one immediately concerned with this strange plan to be sold on it. But, in the end, he agreed—and took unto himself another wife.

At first the good people of Gnjilane were against any such design for living in their peaceful little village. Many of them stayed away from the wedding.

The happiest person at the nuptial celebration was big-hearted Shina. She started off every dance, saw that everyone's wine glass was filled and made the whole thing seem as right and natural as could be.

Her attitude filtered through the community. One by one the villagers understood the nature of the arrangement and saw that Ibraimovich and his two wives were leading exemplary lives. After a while people were no longer shocked and stopped talking about the man who had revived an old Oriental custom in a Balkan hamlet.

Everything worked out as Shina expected. About a year after his wedding to Ferida, Ramo was presented with a lusty young son. Shina gave ardent thanks to Allah and to Mahomet.

As time went on Ferida had other children and—to the amazement of herself, her husband and everybody else—Shina, too, contributed an addition to the Ibraimovich household. Some said the blessed event was inspired by the younger Ferida's fertility, but Shina gave most of the credit to Allah. It was generally agreed, however, that Papa Ibraimovich should be allowed to take a bow.

The arrival of youngsters seemed only to add to the happiness of the Ibraimovich menage. The wives were not jealous of one another and they always said that it made the work easier because, while one took care of the children, the other could get the housework done or labor in the fields. Ramo thought everything was hotsy-totsy too. He waxed fat and prosperous.

All this came out again the other day when young Ganije Ibraimovich, now a full-grown man, followed in his father's footsteps and married one of the communities up-and-coming peasant girls. His mother—Ferida—was no less the guest of honor than was Shina whom he affectionately called "my other mother."

A Common Weed That Digs For Gold

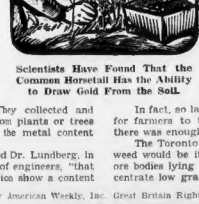
"GOLD is where you find it," runs an old adage but mining engineers have recently discovered a common weed that shows anybody where to look.

Dr. Hans Lundberg, who is a noted geophysicist of Toronto, Canada, told the annual meeting of the American Institute of Mining Engineers in New York recently that the common horse-tail, which grows abundantly in the United States, Canada and elsewhere, is a natural gold digger and detector.

The enterprising men who dig in the ground have known for a long time that ground water and soil around gold deposits, when analyzed, reveal the precious metal in certain quantities, provided it is more than 0.0005.

However the analysis of low-bearing material is not always easy and not long ago the scientists discovered an interesting and accurate short-cut. They collected and analyzed a few leaves or fragments from plants or trees and thereby got a good idea of what the metal content of the ground really was.

"It is very interesting to note," said Dr. Lundberg, in the course of his talk to an audience of engineers, "that certain plants in a well-known gold region show a content of 0.015 ounces of gold per ton, while the content in the ground is considerably lower.



Scientists Have Found That the Common Horsetail Has the Ability to Draw Gold From the Soil.

"Different plants concentrate gold at different rates. The largest gold content has been found in the common horsetail; almost four and one-half ounces of gold per ton is on record."

The Toronto scientist also said that plants reveal the presence of other metals.

"In tin-bearing regions the vegetation generally shows a considerable amount of tin," he declared, "and similarly with zinc, lead and other minerals."

Computing the value of the gold found in the common weed at the rate of $35 per ounce, the four and one-half ounces of the precious metal would bring approximately $157.50, a tidy sum on any man's ledger.

In fact, so large a return might make it very profitable for farmers to turn over most of their farms—provided there was enough trace of gold in the soil—to such a crop.

The Toronto engineer said that the main value of the weed would be its ability to furnish clues to gold-bearing ore bodies lying below the surface, but it might also concentrate low grades on or near the surface.

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Narrow Escape of Isadora Duncan's and Her Mad Lover's Ashes

An Interesting Photograph of Isadora Taken at the Time When She Was in Love with Essenin, and Performing in Moscow.

On the Very Verge of the Garbage Can Was the Romantically Intermingled Dusts of the Great Dancer and Her Poet, When the Frantic Search for Them Through Paris at the Request From Moscow, Saved Them for Worship in a Red Shrine

By IVAN NARODNY.

"HALT—in the name of Der Fuehrer!"

The Nazi Kommandatur of Paris burst into the cellar of the house in the Place du Sorbonne. The concierge stopped dead, with the urn she was about to empty poised over the ashcan.

"Give me that," barked the German.

"But, Your Excellency, they are only ashes," whimpered the frightened janitress.

"Ashes, you fool, but that is what I want."

The Kommandatur seized the urn from the woman's shaking hands and carefully scrutinized the surface. Barely visible through the dust and grime which caked the vase, he could read this inscription:

"ISADORA, I WAIT FOR THEE."

"Where did you get this?" he asked the woman.

The janitress replied that she had been cleaning out an apartment in the building which had been hurriedly vacated when the Germans entered Paris. It had been occupied by a Monsieur Remisov, a Russian writer. On the top shelf of the kitchen cabinet, the concierge had found the urn full of ashes. She had thought that some lazy tenant had dumped a few weeks accumulation of cigarette ashes into the "vase" and she had brought it to the cellar to empty it in the ashcan when the Germans had burst in.

"This will please Berlin," said the Kommandatur to his aides, and clasping the urn fondly to his medalled chest, he and his company left the cellar.

To Hitler and his Foreign Office, the urn was a valuable discovery. It gave him a chance to do a favor for his "ally," Stalin. Most interesting of all, it added the final chapter in the astonishing career of the ashes of the cremated bodies of the famous American dancer, Isadora Duncan, and her crazy Russian poet husband, Serge Essenin.

It was a narrow escape for the ashes that the Germans pounced on them when they did. A moment later and they might have had to sift the human ashes from the others that filled the ashcan.

Or sent Stalin some "ersatz" dust — "just as good." Nobody would have known.

The sifting process is just what the Russians will have to do—though in their minds of course. For they have just declared that their new national poet-hero is Serge Essenin, and they can't worship his ashes without worshiping those of his wife, Isadora Duncan. Their ashes are romantically, though hopelessly, mixed in the urn and not even a Communist would attempt to separate them.

"Halt—in the Name of Der Fuehrer!" Shouted the Nazi Kommandatur of Paris, as He Burst Into the Cellar of the House in the Place du Sorbonne, and Stopped the Janitress From Dumping the Ashes of Isadora and Serge Into the Garbage Can.

Like everything else that has come out of Europe this last year, the story of the ashes is as fantastic as the lives of Isadora and her husband. Linked with that story are present Russo-German diplomatic relations and Russia's pitiful attempt to find some native-born heroes to glorify instead of murder.

In Godless Russia, churches and palaces were long ago turned into "People's Museums." The Reds soon discovered that they couldn't exhibit breadlines and poverty for visitors to gaze upon, so they looked around for someone to honor.

Since they had "purged" most of their prominent men in recent years, Soviet leaders had to dip back into the past. It was then they rediscovered Serge Essenin.

Serge was a half-mad genius who started writing verse shortly after the Russian Revolution. He was a staunch supporter of the Reds but his poetry largely reflected the mysticism of the old Russian peasantry.

His verses came to the attention of Lenin who liked them because they were good and overlooked that they did not go out of their way to glorify Communism.

So Lenin gave Serge a house in Leningrad and a pension which Serge spent on vodka.

In 1922, when Serge was 27 years old, Isadora Duncan, the great American dancer, who revived, with trimmings of her own, the dances of the ancient Greeks, went to Russia on tour. She said she wanted to study Russian folk dancing in Moscow and Lenin responded by inviting her to occupy the palace of a former noble family.

She used to give vodka parties for the Intelligentsia and the free drinks attracted Serge who had amazing capacity for liquor.

It was love at first sight with Isadora and the grand passion of her life.

She appropriated the dreamy, curly-haired youth and scarcely let him out of her sight. He was twenty years younger than Isadora and had been married half a dozen times in the Soviet fashion, without benefit of clergy. Also, he had been divorced once, but that did not bother Isadora.

Nobody objected to Isadora abducting Serge because he was a sort of public nuisance. His trouble was that he was subject to three different kinds of fits—fits of epilepsy, fits of delirium tremens, and fits of inspiration when he dashed off a ream of poetry.

Sometimes it was hard to tell the fits apart, for in each fit he would smash anything in arm's reach that was breakable.

The couple were married in Moscow in 1922 by the loose Soviet ceremony, if it can be dignified by that name, and it was Isadora's first venture in matrimony although she already had two children. She always refused to name their fathers. Shortly before her trip to Russia, the two children were drowned when an automobile in which they were riding plunged into the Seine, near Paris. Until then the general public had not known that Isadora was a mother, or even a wife.

"I am not a wife," she said, defiantly, and explained that she had always despised the institution of marriage. But she pocketed her objections when Serge came along. Anyway, the Reds rites didn't seem like any marriage she knew.

Isadora, who had been a mother twice, mothered Serge out of his fits of epilepsy by keeping him full of vodka and on the move from city to city. She soon ran out of funds and decided to give a concert tour in America. She got through the customs with Serge on the strength of the Russian "marriage."

The tour was a failure. Isadora was banned in Boston, too drunk to dance in Brooklyn and foreclosed for unpaid bills in Chicago. She pawned the love gifts of former admirers and bought passage to France.

It was just as well for Serge, because he disapproved of Prohibition. When restaurants refused to serve him his beloved vodka he broke dishes, glassware and furniture. When they got to Paris, he wrecked the lobby of the swank Hotel Crillon and had delirium tremens again.

He ran shrieking down the fire escape in the dead of night and vowed he wouldn't stop until he got back to "free Russia."

By that time, Lenin, his protector, was dead, and Serge was thrown into jail for writing a poem the new dictator did not approve.

In 1923, a year after their marriage, Isadora made up her mind that Serge's ideas of freedom were too strong, even for her, and she divorced him by paying a $5 fee to a Moscow court.

When Serge got out of prison, he began to develop an obsession for suicide in a spectacular manner.

One night he left his house in Moscow with a bundle of firewood. He built himself a funeral pyre in the center of one of the city's squares. As he was about to touch a match to the heap, the Soviet police descended upon him. He told them he meant to burn himself to celebrate the death of his last illusion, whatever that was.

He was sentenced to six months in prison for that.

A week after his release he took an old Etruscan vase, which had been given to Isadora and Serge for a wedding present, and scrawled an inscription, "Isadora, I wait for thee," across its surface. He left instructions that his body was to be cremated and the ashes sent to Isadora in the urn.

Then he cut an artery in his wrist and died in the romantic Roman manner by bleeding to death.

Isadora behaved strangely after her husband's death. She sent one of her pupils to Moscow for the urn. In Paris, the urn was placed atop a pedestal in Isadora's studio and she would brood by it for hours. She told her friends that the inscription, "Isadora, I wait for thee," haunted her.

Its grim promise of a world beyond seemed to Isadora like a personal summons. She felt that she must join Serge before long.

After his suicide, Isadora's fortunes declined rapidly. She was poor and unhappy.

She grew bitter, and hated those who had the wealth and luxury she once reveled in.

The schools she had established in America, France, Germany, England and Italy were closed, one by one. She wanted to return to Russia, where, she said, she and Serge had been "so happy."

She kept putting off the date of her departure to Russia, until, finally, she couldn't afford the train fare.

Yet, it is characteristic of her indomitable spirit that one of her last plans was for a dance pageant based on Serge's last poem, "Invocation to Death."

In 1928, while she was riding in an automobile on the Riviera, the long flowing scarf, which was tied around her neck, caught in the wheels of the car and dragged her to her death.

Her body was cremated and the ashes placed in the urn with Serge's ashes.

They became the property of a M. Mailhotti, whose studio on the Place du Sorbonne was occupied by A. Remisov, the Russian writer, at the time of the German occupation of Paris.

Then, the cry came forth from Moscow, "Where are the ashes of Serge Essenin?" They had already proclaimed the poet a national hero. The town in the Ryazan province where Serge was born was officially renamed Essenino. They had put up a plaque outside his house in Leningrad. His books were reprinted and the anti-atheistic poems removed.

Even in death, Serge was "purged," and a prominent place was found for his ashes in the People's Museum in Moscow.

"But where are his ashes?" the Soviet leaders wailed.

The brightest brains in the OGPU were summoned and set to work.

Bit by bit, they pieced together the long-forgotten episodes of the poet's past. His numerous widows were rounded up and pumped dry of information. Finally, the last widow remembered the pupil of Isadora's who had come from Paris to claim the ashes way back in 1923.

The ashes must be in the possession of the dancer's heirs, the OGPU concluded, but there was a war going on and they might be scattered anywhere.

They called upon the German Ambassador in Moscow, who got in touch with his Foreign Office. Would they please search for an urnful of ashes, labelled "Isadora, I wait for thee!" he requested, when they got into Paris?

He described the urn and warned them if they didn't find it, the Russians would be awfully hurt. He explained that Stalin and his crowd were going to declare a national holiday on next October 4th, Serge's birthday, and must have the ashes by then.

Isadora and Essenin During Their Tour of the United States, Which Was Made Possible by Isadora Contracting Marriage for the First Time, Even Though It Was a Red One.

The Germans scratched their heads in bewilderment. If the Russians had wanted the Louvre Museum, or the Eiffel Tower, the Germans could have obliged. They knew where to look. But where could they find one particular urnful of ashes in all Paris?

They investigated Isadora's friends when they reached the city. Some of them had fled, others had disappeared or died.

The manager of the theatre where she used to dance in Paris remembered he had seen an Oriental-looking vase in Monsier Mailiotti's studio on the Place du Sorbonne, and that it had a queer inscription scratched on the face of it.

In a fever of haste the Kommandatur and his men dashed off.

And they got there just in time!

Now, the ashes are on their way back to Moscow, packed in a case guarded day and night by German soldiers. They will get there in plenty of time for the celebrations next October 4th.

How the Russians will separate the ashes of Serge and Isadora and worship the proper ones is something for them to worry about.

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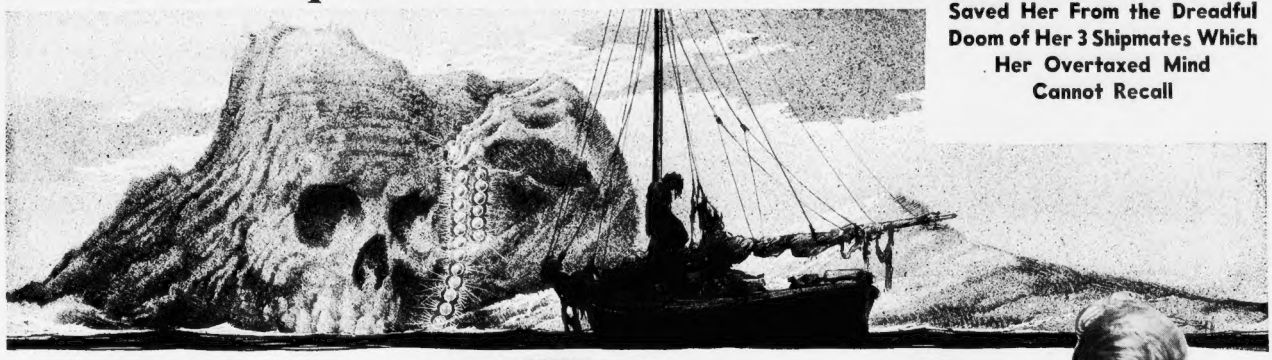
Craziest of All Treasure Hunts — and Mrs. Thompson's Incredible Survival

With Her Husband and Another Adventurous Couple She Sailed for the Marquesas in a Tiny Sailboat, But Storms Swept Them to Fiji Where a Missionary Saved Her From the Dreadful Doom of Her 3 Shipmates Which Her Overtaxed Mind Cannot Recall



The Thrilling Mirage of Riches for All Four Adventurers Faded and Became an Ironical Spectre of Doom, As Mrs. Thompson, Lashed to the Mast, Awaited the Fate That Had Overtaken Those Whose Bodies Now Floated Around in the Bilge.

MRS. FERN THOMPSON, a mother and only 21 years old, has just returned to Los Angeles, sole survivor of two gay couples who set out last August in a cockleshell boat, for the South Seas, seeking adventure and treasure.

Mrs. Thompson lived, but not to tell the tale because her adventures were too dreadful for the mind to endure and therefore her memory has blacked out the voyage. She does not even know she went on the trip and wonders why her husband, who starved to death to preserve her life, isn't on hand to greet her.

The end of the agony came when the Reverend W. G. Ferris, a missionary cruising on his lonely route among the far-off Fiji Islands, saw a tiny wreck on a reef near Vanua Levu Island.

Lashed to the mast was a sunburned woman, hardly more than a skeleton. She was alive but stared at him with glassy, uncomprehending eyes and made no reply to his questions.

The missionary wondered why she had not untied herself and gone below to escape the torture of the pitiless tropic sun. One glance below gave him the answer. The cramped quarters of the cabin were occupied by the bodies of two of her shipmates. Also it contained the water-soaked leaves of the little ship's log, telling some of the episodes of the tragedy.

In 1938, Dalton Conly then 23 years old, had followed the sea since he was 14 and risen to be a boatswain on the Grace Line. He then married Eve Larsen, with as much love of the sea in her Scandinavian blood as he had. Instead of putting his savings into the first payment on a little cottage, he bought "for a song" a 28-foot life boat and converted it into a sloop, with a galley and a little auxiliary engine, much locker space for supplies and gear and tanks to hold water and gasoline, leaving little for the cabin, but enough to "sleep two."

Acme

Fern, and Her Husband, Chester, Posed for This Picture the Day They Left. Fern Alone Returned from the Disastrous Adventure.

In this sloop, named the "Wing On," they set out to sail around the world. Hardly were they out of sight of land when Eve was overcome by a malady strange to one of such seafaring ancestry, seasickness.

Finally the explanation came to her. They had a stowaway on board, the stork. The young optimists had never thought of that; but now they must go home and were towed most of the way by a Coast Guard cutter.

The baby was born in 1939 and by August, 1940, could be left with its grandparents while the mother went adventuring again. Meanwhile the Conlys had met Chester Thompson, 21, and his young wife, Fern, of Los Angeles. Chester was a deep-sea diver but was tired of working as a hired man. His ambition was to go after his own treasure but first he must locate a likely place to hunt.

The Thompson and the Conlys thought it would be a lovely idea to pool their resources and head for the Marquesas Islands, 3,000 miles away, where there was plenty of treasure. All you had to do was find it.

This meant carrying twice as much food and water and sleeping four where there was scarcely room for two. But there would be four persons to take a "trick" at the wheel, instead of only two. This one advantage was allowed to outweigh all the drawbacks. Conly had studied navigation and felt himself competent to be master of a liner.

And so, last August 12, dangerously overloaded, they sailed out of San Francisco, and weren't heard from again until the missionary, who also had been blown from his course, sighted them on November 27, wrecked in the Fijis, almost twice as far away as their intended destination.

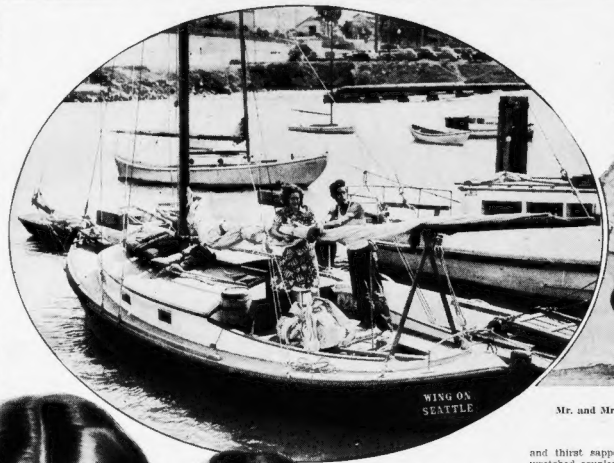
From what is decipherable of the log, apparently all went well for several days and no doubt the young navigator checked and rechecked his calculations to be sure that the Wing On's nose was kept pointed with rifle-barrel accuracy on those faraway pin points on the map, the Marquesas Isles. Then came storms with seas that would not have been serious to an ocean liner, but were mountainous to such frail craft as this.

Being driven off their course was not so bad. Sometime the wind and those wicked waves would cease and the sun come out. Captain Conly would then get his sextant, figure out exactly where they were in the ocean desert and get back on his course.

They had provisions for four months, which could be stretched into six. Yet on the wreck was found no food except part of a can of apricots and no drinking water at all. Three had died of starvation and the third was hardly more than a skeleton, after a little more than three months.

The reason for this is easy to guess. The good ship Wing On was not so good as a lifeboat should be when kicked about by wind and wave because she was loaded far beyond what her design called for.

She must have almost refused to come up after some of the seas broke over her decks, until Conly, to prevent foundering, gave orders to lighten ship by heaving overboard much of that precious cargo of food.



The "Wing On," Photographed Just Before Her Last Fateful Voyage Was Begun. Here in Seattle Harbor, Mr. and Mrs. Conly Cheerfully Stowed the Gear in Anticipation of a Happy Trip.

No doubt they at once went on short rations and their plight was not serious provided the storms would ease, their compass hold true or they could speak another ship.

Everything seems to have turned out against them on that reeling speck of a boat, or else how could its skipper have been blown so far West of his mark? Perhaps the compass went wrong because of the buffeting it received or merely because so much metal-cased food was removed at once when the ship was lightened.

A tin-can is an iron can, plated with tin. The last thing before leaving port, the compass had been "trued-up" to make allowance for magnetic errors caused by that cargo in the little lazarette, right beneath it. Tossing the cans overboard one or two per day would have made such a slow and insignificant variation that Conly could have easily corrected it in his daily "shootings of the sun."

But day after day, there was no sun to shoot. Also it is reported that no sextant was found on the wreck. What could that mean?

Probably only one thing.

Some day at noon, the worried skipper saw the sun unexpectedly breaking through the clouds. In spite of the dancing deck he would try to get their position. He or some person who brought the sextant to him, may have fallen and the precious instrument dropped into the ocean.

After that there would be nothing to do but steer by guesswork and hope for luck. Luck they did not have, only adventure. There was no drinking water on the wreck either, nor is this strange. In a boat with such low freeboard, it would be almost impossible to place any rain-catching device high enough so the breaking waves would not fill it with salt water and, long before the waves stopped, so would the rain.

Then came doldrums, windless nights and motionless days drifting under a tropic sun which made short water rations unbearable. As these endless days dragged on, hunger and thirst sapped the strength of the two wretched couples. The day soon came when each could see approaching death in the eyes of the others. Wan, haggard faces gave the lie to cheerful words from thirst-swollen tongues.

Apparently in one of the watches of the night, the two men agreed that it was their fault for letting the women come on such a venture. Therefore, it was their duty to let them get more than half of the remaining food, by pretending that they, the men, had eaten their share, while the women slept.

Thompson, the diver, was first to go. The log records that he died on the morning of November 7.

Next morning Captain Conly performed the burial service and the body was consigned to the deep. Conly also wrote:

"We buried Chester Thompson, aged 21, at 8:10 a. m. Died of starvation—collapsed stomach—at least he was too far gone to stand any of the remaining can of apricots we had.

"What next? Help us, Oh God!"

Four days later came his final entry:

"All night East again, but back again now."

Perhaps he knew this would be his last entry because he consoled himself by signing it:

"Dalton A. Conly, master."

It had been his ambition to be master of a ship and he had achieved it, though at the price of his life.

After that the log is as blank as the memory of the lone survivor. The Rev. Mr. Ferris and others who surveyed the wreck have guessed that soon after the last entry, the three of them went below to escape the merciless sun and there Mrs. Conly and the skipper died in their bunks. Mrs. Thompson, too weak to drag them on deck for burial, was forced to abandon the cabin to them.

To make things worse, if possible, heavy weather set in once more. It pitched the dead man and woman from their bunks onto the cabin floor but nothing could be done about that except for Mrs. Thompson not to look below again. With her last strength she lashed herself to the mast.

The Wing On, free at last to go as it pleased, found the thing they had all been praying for—land, striking a reef close to the island of Vanua Levu.

The missionary, with the greatest difficulty, forced a little water past Fern's swollen lips and brought her to the nearest plantation on the island, where she was nursed back to sufficient strength to travel home. They also recovered and buried the body of Mrs. Conly in a cemetery but as the party was returning for the remains of her husband, a sudden shift of wind and wave happened.

They saw the Wing On slide off the reef, drift away several lengths and then sink out of sight in deep water, Mr. Conly's body stayed with it.

To the spectators it seemed as if the young master had wished to give himself a sea-burial and taken his ship with him. As Mrs. Thompson was being carried on board the ship for her trip home, her nurse asked her:

"Are you a good sailor?"

"I don't know," she replied. "You see, I've never been on a boat before."

But Mrs. Thompson readily recognized her parents on her arrival at Los Angeles. She cried with joy at the sight of her two little children, Jacqueline, 2, and Tommy, 1, left behind when their adventuresome father and mother sailed away last Summer.

No effort is being made to make Mrs. Thompson remember those last months. When she recovers her full physical strength, Nature may take a chance that she can stand the shock of it or perhaps spare her by making the oblivion permanent.

She talks calmly of current things going on around her, but her mind remains closed to the harrowing events that robbed her of her husband and friends. Doctors say many months of careful treatment will be needed before any effort is made to help her recall what happened.

However, she must soon be told at least part of the truth because every day she becomes more puzzled and troubled at the continued absence of her husband.

Wide World

Mother Came Back to the Thompson Children, but No Mama or Papa Came Back to the Conly Baby, Left Behind by His Adventurous but Unlucky Parents.

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Troubles of a Glamour Girl Heading for the Movies

Adela Rogers St. Johns Explains Some Difficulties of Introducing Socialite Refinement Into the Flickers, With an Uplifting Sermon on How a Girl Who Suddenly Has the Silver Spoon She Was Born With Snatched Out of Her Mouth Can Still Make Good

Cobina Singing at a New York Night Club for Her Bread and Butter When Old Man Despression Broke Down the Door.

Cobina Wright, Sr., Who Has Shared Her Daughter's Problems and Her Successes Too.

Morgan Photo

Brenda Frazier, the "Crowned Princess," and Friendly Social Rival of Cobina.

A Photographic Study of Cobina as a Fashionable Celebrity, by Hal Phyfe.

By ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS.

A GIRL who is born with a silver spoon in her mouth sometimes finds the world waiting for her with a chip on its shoulder.

There is in Hollywood today a tall, fairy-princess young thing named Cobina Wright Jr. Doubtless you have heard of her because as a debutante she fought a draw with Brenda Frazier for the glamour girl championship of New York society.

On the surface, the whole thing looked simple enough. Cobina's path would be smoothed by enormous social prominence, by the publicity value of thousands of glamour headlines and photographs, by powerful friends, by wealth, beauty and that quality—call it charm or poise or savoir faire—which comes of blue blood, exquisite training.

Also, there was her mother, Cobina Wright Sr., a fabulous lady, who had been both a successful operatic prima donna and a dazzling society leader. Cobina Sr. was not only an executive genius of the first water to whom engineering a movie career for her golden daughter would be child's play, she was also a favorite with all influential persons in social and artistic circles.

Mother, said the voice of the Hollywood masses, would know best—and "little Cobina" would be pulled up the steep hill to the pinnacle of stardom in a golden chariot.

The first time I ever saw the Cobinas, mother and daughter, I was convinced that that was about all there was to the tale.

The scene was Santa Anita on the day of a big race. All the Hollywood celebrities were there. I saw a pretty blond girl moving with startling grace toward a box. Beside her was a smaller figure, wrapped in furs. Cobina Wright Sr. and her daughter, the glamour girl who was the first of the debutantes to become a society songstress in expensive night clubs.

All through the races Cobina's shoulder-length blond hair was the flag which the press followed. All through the races, the chair where Cobina Wright Sr. sat was the center of a gay and important crowd.

Well, I thought, that's that.

But—I had a kind of a funny feeling inside me. I began thinking of girls I'd known during my many years in Hollywood. Girls who had fought their way up, without anyone to help them, girls who had starved, and wept, and worked with a thrilling determination, girls who had needed jobs to eat, to keep a roof over their heads.

Way down underneath I felt a little resentment about Cobina Wright Jr.

So glittering and well done was the spectacle that I never even suspected there might be a story behind it as grim and courageous as that of an extra girl fighting up from the ranks. It never entered my head that I was passing judgment without full knowledge, and that my casual resentment might be typical of that chip on the shoulder which had given this glamour girl a very tough row to hoe. I got my glimpse of that other side of the picture one night in the Brown Derby. All day we had been discussing the many, many stories of Hollywood. When I saw Cobina Wright Jr. in the next booth, I thought to myself—now there's another Hollywood story.

Hollywood Conquest. They used to raise their glamour girls for the auction block of a richer marriage. Now they raise 'em to be famous society singers and movie stars.

There was a man on either side of Cobina Jr. One of them was Stirling Hayden, Hollywood's newest leading man sensation. He'd come up the hard way, from nowhere and nothing—been a sailor or a mechanic or something. At the moment he was the most popular man in the Hollywood younger set and all the little starlets were anxious for a date with him.

Of course Cobina had got one—and would dazzle him out of his wits. A girl who had been wooed by Prince Phillip of Greece, the matinee idol of the Balkans. On her other side was a man who writes pieces for national magazines.

I was suddenly aware that all was not well with the shining Cobina and her handsome escort. In the Beverley Hills Brown Derby you can't well avoid hearing and seeing All—or almost All.

Cobina's wide blue eyes were turned upon the reporter beside her, and they were very distressed and unhappy eyes. Her mouth was quivering a little under the smile she managed to keep bravely. And the writer was being about as rude and as insulting as any man could be.

He was making fun of the girl—she's still under twenty—and he was doing it in a ruthless way that even an older and more experienced girl would have had trouble combating. He informed her that she had no talent, that she wasn't even actually pretty because anybody could be glamorous looking with all her dough and all the care she took of herself, and that she was practically a cheat who had foisted herself into the world of art.

He said it was disgraceful that a girl who couldn't, actually, do anything should be forced on the public just because she was in the Social Register.

Young Hayden was getting white around the mouth. He could have broken the elderly writing gent in two and for a minute I thought he was going to do just that. There were tears now in Cobina's blue eyes. But she put her hand on his arm and said something to him, and then suddenly she got up and ran away, and I knew she was going to do what many a girl has done—have a good cry in the ladies' room.

The thing jolted me. Cobina Wright Jr. had not behaved like a hard, arrogant, spoiled young glamour girl. She hadn't taken this guy apart with a few well chosen words.

All of which made me wonder a good deal—and so I decided to find out about Cobina Wright Jr. Frankly, I had seen in that one moment an amazingly delicate and sensitive face, terribly young and vulnerable, hurt as any right-minded child is hurt by disillusion and injustice. I found out then a good many things about Cobina Wright Jr. and her mother—who ought to have a whole story to herself.

In the first place, no girl ever needed a job worse than Cobina Wright Jr. For the little daughter of the rich, who had been brought up with 14 servants and her own automobile coach, and a yacht, and huge estates on Long Island, and trips to Europe, didn't have one thin dime when the crash of 1929 ruined the firm and wiped out the fortune of her broker father, William May Wright.

Of all the "new poor" who came out of that mad time, none were poorer than little Cobina and her mother. They who had always been used to everything, who had never known poverty, found themselves virtually penniless, saw home and treasures and security swept away, and were just about faced with that "where is our next meal coming from?" problem.

Her father and mother separated—and that is another story. And Cobina Wright Sr. and her small daughter faced a cold world.

Something had to be done—and that something plainly, because of their great pride and their vital standards and their courage, couldn't possibly be cadging off their still-rich friends, becoming permanent guests, nor could it be a wealthy marriage of convenience for Cobina. No, a mere wealthy marriage would be—well, it wouldn't be right for little Cobina. She just wasn't a girl who could marry for money.

So, Cobina Wright Sr. started to use her own talents—to open a night club in New York, to get back on the radio. For she had been a very fine singer—still is. When she was in her teens, Elaine Cobb, of an old Boston family, had run away from her aristocratic aunt and uncle, and gone to study music in Germany. It was then that she invented the name "Cobina" from Cobb. She sang in opera all over Europe, and made her debut at Carnegie Hall in New York—and was married when she was very very young to the great novelist, Owen Johnson.

He was twice her age and that didn't last, and then Cobina Sr. married William May Wright, and divided her enormous energy between becoming New York and Newport's favorite hostess, and still going out on concert tours.

At first it seemed to me that perhaps the mother had transferred her own ambition, her own love of a career, to her daughter—and that little Cobina hadn't had much to do with it. I've seen that happen a good many times in Hollywood. Of course her mother would lend her aid and her experience—and her prestige. What mother doesn't?

But—it is a very funny thing. Checking it all over, I believe that Cobina Wright Jr. had a tougher time getting where she is than almost any other girl in Hollywood. I believe that she faced tougher times and more obstacles and had less help than most girls.

The world—and Hollywood—had a chip on the shoulder for this golden girl who had been born with everything.

Difficult to tell why, but everyone assumed that she had no talent. That she was necessarily a bad singer and a poor entertainer. No one seemed to consider that it might be more natural for the daughter of Madame Cobina Wright, opera star, and of the man who had climbed to the top ladder once in the world of finance, to have gifts, to have determination, to have personality than for other girls. Everybody decided immediately that she was up there just because she was Cobina Wright Jr.

Moreover, the performers, the other people on the vaudeville bills, the orchestra itself, expected her to be "high hat" and were prepared to dislike her.

Her first screen tests, which I have seen, were excellent. They showed a delicate and unusual personality, a dainty beauty, and a really unforgettable voice. Youth — and a girl who could play a gentlewoman because she is a gentlewoman.

The tests were passed up. You will find that sometimes it doesn't help you very much to know the people too high up. The boss hasn't much time — and there are a great many under him who can easily put a spoke in your wheel. It was so with Cobina Jr.

Without question, any other girl would have been given a chance and a small contract on her first tests. Cobina waited a long time. Waited—and worked — worked hard, in hotel ballrooms, in vaudeville theatres, long difficult hours. And all the time she studied and worked with her voice and with her dancing and her dramatic work.

But — she's going up that hill toward success, not rapidly, not dragged by pull, not for a thrill. Going slowly, by hard work, and because, as George Cukor said the other day, she "has something." Cukor should know—he is unquestionably the best woman's director in Hollywood— as witness his handling of Katherine Hepburn's comeback in "Philadelphia Story."

Three days after Cobina Jr. started in vaudeville, the gang melted. They came and offered not apologies, things aren't done that way, but help and advice and friendliness. They found Cobina Jr. so very different than they had expected. Found her shy, eager to learn—and found, too, that she needed the job as badly as any of them. That she had to make her own living, or else marry for money—and she had made up her mind to marry for love, like any other American girl.

Now, on the 20th Century-Fox lot they call her "the good luck girl." Do you know why? Not because of the silver spoon she had at birth, nor her mother, nor her social fame. Because Cobina Jr. is always willing to make tests with anybody. For the experience—and to help out. And four young men, including Ed Smith, with whom she made tests, which by the way take days of very hard work, have been given contracts. Lots of girls won't work like that with young unknowns. I saw some of those tests, too, and in most of them all you can see is the back of Cobina's head. But she so nearly inspire the young men—and they got the jobs and the chances they were working for.

So—they call her the good luck girl.

I've known the 20th Century-Fox lot for a good many years. Know most of the gang. They started out to make it tough for Cobina Jr. No higher ups can do anything about that, you know. The gang will get to you if they want to—in a million ways. Now, they meet, greet and recognize her as one of themselves. Just a gal whose trying to get along, to get to the top of her chosen profession.

In a democracy, even the little daughters of the once rich and aristocratic are supposed to have a chance to work up.

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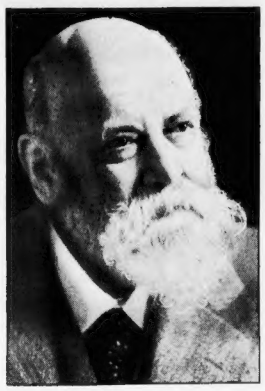
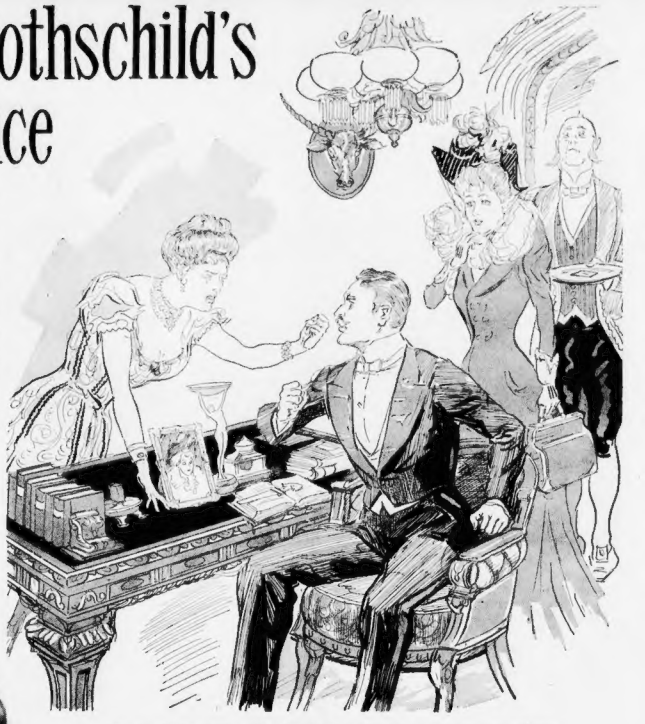
Curious Echo of Old Lord Rothschild's Secret Romance

For 30 Years, Only the Famous Financier's Executors Knew the Little Girl He Met in a Railroad Station Had Shared a Love-Nest With Him, and Borne Him a Child —But Now England's New Income Tax Laws Have Just Revealed His Romantic Double Life



His Love Secret Revealed by the Income Tax—The Late Lord Lionel Walter, Second Baron Rothschild, Whose Romance Was Unsuspected for 30 Years.



"In the Midst of Mrs. Ritchie's Furious Threats and Demands to Know Why She Was Being Literally Thrown Out, Barbara, the Charming Reason for It, Was Ushered Into the Baron's Library by the Butler."

LONDON, May 2.

THE income tax sometimes catches criminals who are above all other laws and now the same long arm has dragged from the grave a secret romance of the late Lord Lionel Walter, second Baron Rothschild, which had escaped the eyes of the keenest reporters for 30 years.

The head of the London branch of the celebrated family of international financiers died in 1937, at the age of 70 and still a bachelor. He was supposed to have had only two consuming interests in life—finance and collecting many different kinds of birds, animals and fleas, particularly fleas. In fact, in his private museum he had thousands of fleas, carefully mounted on cardboard or preserved in balsam on microscope slides.

But now it seems that in his own quiet, unobtrusive way, the shy old financier was also a collector of romances.

This was revealed the other day when one of his romances, a sort of double romance, in fact, arose from the tomb in ghostly fashion, under the dusty disguise of "an action for the rectification of documents"—in other words, a lawsuit to get the Chancery Court to correct, amend and make right an old agreement, so that the Baron's estate would have to pay the income tax on an annuity he established over 30 years ago for Miss Barbara Fredenson of Stroud Cottage, Guilford, Surrey.

Baron Louis de Rothschild, Head of the Austrian Branch of the Family Whose Love Affair Cost Him $12,000,000 Ransom to the Nazis.

But the Chancery Court refused to rectify the documents—so the ghostly romance went mournfully back to the tomb, and Miss Fredenson now has to pay the income tax herself. Since this amounts to 27 per cent of an income of about $2,200 a year, it was a bite that might make even a dead love wake up and scream.

Wynn Parry, counsel for Miss Fredenson, told the ghost story to the court.

It began way back in 1903, the twilight of the Victorian Age, when all seemed well with the world and the Rothschilds were still the uncrowned kings of finance in England and all Europe. Miss Fredenson was invited to a house party and met the late Lord Rothschild, then about 30 years old. In those days its was still considered not only a calamity but a sort of financial disgrace for a woman to earn her own living. This being Barbara's prospect, she was very much a commoner in the golden world of money when she met one of its kings.

But "a cat may look at a king" and Barbara was far more than that; she was a soft, starry-eyed, purring little kitten of 16. Small wonder that she was impressed by one so exalted as Rothschild, but the king looked at the kitten too.

The evening was soon over and the two, "like ships that pass in the night and speak to each other in passing," went on their opposite courses.

A year later however, Barbara sent him an SOS and he answered. Miss Fredenson was not exactly shipwrecked but she was facing head winds and getting nowhere on life's stormy path. Her father had died and her mother had gone to South Africa sending barely enough money for the girl to be trained for a dancing career.

But these remittances would not continue much longer.

If she could only get a start on the stage. The Rothschilds at that time may not have owned a theatre or a theatrical company, in fact they probably did not. But as the fountain head of Britain's liquid capital, they could have sent down a whisper to one of the banks and the next time a producer came in to borrow, he would have gladly taken the hint about a deserving young dancer.

It was not by any such personal meddling in the affairs of business, however, that the Rothschild family reached its eminence. The Baron offered to salvage the lady in distress but the rope he threw to her was not the one she expected.

Marie Barbara Fredenson, Who for Years Escaped the Income Tax on the Money Supplied Her by the Baron's Estate, but Now She Must Pay—and the World Has Learned of Her Secret Romance.

He suggested a meeting, not in his office, nor any of his homes, nor even a restaurant, but of all places, the crowded Marylebone Terminal Station, at London. There, surrounded by young and old, bags, pets and general confusion, they conversed, with the Baron asking questions and Barbara having little chance but to answer.

This was followed by another meeting in the same place when Rothschild said he could help her if they set up housekeeping together. That was not what she expected or wished. She was disappointed, shocked—and she hesitated. As a final inducement the Baron, that evening, wrote her the following note:

"I write this also to put in writing, that I promise, should any unfortunate accident arise to separate us in future, that I will arrange it that you get such an allowance per week that you will never want."

Even after the note, Miss Fredenson wavered for some time but under his constant pressure finally agreed to live under the name of Mrs. Walters, in an apartment which he would provide.

The love-nest was all furnished to satisfy a princess but when the day came for her to move in, there also arrived a letter from South Africa. A worried mother had a premonition to ask if her daughter was being a good girl. It just tipped the wavering balance of Barbara's mind.

When the Baron came with a huge bouquet of flowers for the house-warming of the love-nest, he found his love-bird tearful and trembling on the sidewalk. Hysterically the girl blurted out that she had changed her mind and before he could speak, had fled.

He did not run after her, nor make any attempt to communicate but neither did he dismantle the gilded cage nor invite any other bird to enter it. Was he following the family policy, when balked, of doing nothing until fate opens up a new lead?

If so he could never have guessed what this would be.

Miss Fredenson had left the home of her friends and now took room and board with a Mrs. Ritchie, an attractive but older woman to whom she finally confided the story of her balky romance. To the boarding housekeeper this seemed as fantastic as finding a bag of gold in the street and throwing it away.

She wanted to run and pick it up for herself, but could it be done? Well it would only cost a postage stamp to try. She wrote the Baron, explaining how she came to know of the matter and saying that should he care to make her a similar proposition, he would get a different answer.

Of course she would not even get a reply and vowed never to tell anyone she had done anything so silly. But he did answer, inviting an interview at that same station and, miracle of miracles, he offered the same love-nest.

Barbara was aware that something suddenly romantic had entered the life of her friend when she burst into a frenzy of shopping and then disposed of her boarding house. Where Mrs. Ritchie went was a secret but Miss Fredenson would never have guessed.

Barbara could not resist occasionally passing the apartment house, just to glance up at the windows of the love-nest which might have been hers, in the hope of getting a glimpse of her successor. One day the dancer saw her and almost fainted.

Mrs. Ritchie had not injured her boarder in any way. She had merely taken for herself something the other said she did not want. But those things do not always go by cold reasoning. The fact that Mrs. Ritchie had grabbed the offer made it seem precious. Perhaps Barbara had been a fool. Anyhow it was mean of a friend to take such advantage of her confidence.

Full of jealous indignation, she wrote the Baron a letter which resulted in still another railroad station rendezvous.

Perhaps this was the very thing Rothschild was waiting for. At any rate Mrs. Ritchie found herself being somewhat abruptly dismissed. So she confronted the Baron in his library and in the midst of her angry demands to know why she was being thrown out, the charming reason was led in the door by the butler.

Barbara had thought herself quite angry at Mrs. Ritchie, but now, at the spectacle of that lady's blazing fury, she knew that hers had not been worth talking about. The woman scorned was finally led away uttering direful threats.

Miss Fredenson lived in the love-nest from February, 1906 to December of that year when a baby was born to the couple and registered under the incomplete name of Olga Alice Muriel and the father's name was given as Lionel Walters.

"It had become essential," said Miss Fredenson's lawyer, "not to give the Baron's name in view of persistent persecution by Mrs. Ritchie because the Baron was no longer living with Mrs. Ritchie. She sent telegrams and telephone messages to his parents and relatives."

By June, 1907, though Miss Fredenson and the Baron were still on the best of terms, they reluctantly concluded that it was best to cease living together.

The Late Baron Rothschild's Palatial Mansion at Tring, From Which the Scorned Mrs. Ritchie Was Driven.

But jealousy was not entirely triumphant, because a deed of covenant, drawn in 1907 and backed up by a deed of settlement drawn in 1908, provided Miss Fredenson with an income of 550 pounds a year for life, payments to be made to the daughter for her life should she survive the mother.

Up to the Baron's death in 1937, payments were made without income tax being deducted, and the Baron's estate continued to pay the income tax on her annuity until the enormous tax jump after the war started. When Barbara, now in her fifties, found some 27 per cent taken out of her income, she asked the court to make the estate bear the burden as it had at first, but the court refused, on the grounds that there wasn't sufficient evidence to prove that it was the intention of the original agreement for her to receive the annuity free of income tax.

The once almost fabulous Rothschild fortunes have been riddled by the Nazis, who confiscated all their property they could get hold of in occupied parts of Europe and even depleted the English branch by holding members of the family for ransom.

One of those who was robbed twice was Baron Louis de Rothschild, head of the Austrian branch of the family, who did not realize the grave menace to himself of Germany's Anschluss with Austria.

He was arrested and held in "protective custody" for eight months during which he was starved and abused until finally to save his life he agreed to have $21,000,000 which he had sent to France turned over to his captors. These then released their prisoner and permitted him to go to Paris.

Supposing that nothing more could happen to him, he had been engaged for several months in recovering his health when a German agent called and politely stated that the German Government had discovered that he had another $21,000,000 secreted in England which they would have asked for, had they known about it. He would please turn that over too. This was before the war had stated and the Nazis had no authority in France.

"And why should I do this?" asked the astonished Baron Louis.

"Oh, merely for sentimental reasons, old times' sake," replied the agent. "By so doing it would save your old sweetheart, for 20 years, the charming Baroness Ringhoffer, from being placed in a concentration camp. Of course she will receive every care and attention, just as you did."

The Baron knew that this man was threatening to have the woman he had loved for 20 years suffer a slow death, accompanied by every conceivable mortification and degradation, unless he ransomed her. It is said that he was still paying instalments on the ransom when the Germans captured Paris.

The Rothschilds, already rich and influential reached their height of wealth and fame during Napoleon's career, finding money to lend Austria, England and anyone else who dared oppose the conqueror.

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Science Finds a Way to Make Us "Sick" of Habitual Drinking

The Injection in the Arm Is So Timed That the Patient Will Become Violently Sick in a Few Minutes.

Just Before Nausea Develops the Doctor Hands the Patient a Drink. The Patient Associates Sickness With the Liquor and as Time Goes On Dreads Even to Smell a Drink, Because of the Ordeal It Suggests.

"Gin Lane," Hogarth's Shocking Caricature of a London Slum of His Day, Depicting Conditions That Resulted From Unrestrained Alcoholism Before Science Became Interested in Curbing It.

Carrie Nation, Whose Idea for Stamping Out Drunkenness Was to Smash All Saloons With Her Hatchet. But It Didn't Work Any Better Than Prohibition.

Medical Men Always Hoping for a Magic Drug to Cure Alcoholism, Don't Really Expect to Find It, But the Next Best Thing Seems to Be the New "Shot in the Arm" Technique Which "Conditions" Patients and Makes Them Shrink Every Time They See a Drink—If the Timing Is Right

WHEN a wife's love for her husband turns to such hate that she says "the sight of him makes me sick," she gets a divorce or a separation. Actually she is seldom physically sick but uses this common expression of disgust to show her feeling.

But there is another kind of "marriage" which really needs to be broken up and can be broken up by real sickness. This is the "marriage" of a chronic drunkard to John Barleycorn; the wedding of the chronic alcoholic to the liquor bottle.

Two "judges" who supervise these divorce proceedings between the alcoholic and the bottle are the Seattle physicians, Drs. Walter L. Voegtlin and Frederick Lemere. They have found a way to make the man or woman, who is apparently wedded to the bottle for life, become literally sick at the sight of one, and some get so that they cannot even read a label on a liquor bottle without feeling nauseated.

How is this great alienation of alcoholic affection accomplished? It is done by one of the most basic of all psychological experiments, the creation of a state of "conditioning" in which nauseating associations are built up in the mind of the alcoholic so that he or she will never touch liquor again. It sounds impossible but it works remarkably well.

In the new Voegtlin-Lemere treatment the chronic alcoholics start by a 12-hour fast, both from food and liquor. Then, when they seem about to die *for a* drink of alcohol, the doctor brings them *to* the conditioning room. There, in an *array* on the table are all kinds of liquor, *wine or* beer bottles.

The patient is told that he shall *have his* drink. But there is only one hitch, *the drink* is going to make him very sick. *The alcoholic*, who has probably put away *plenty* in his time, merely smiles at his *threat*, grins in anticipation and demands his *drink*.

All right, says the doctor, *he* shall have his drink but first comes a brief physical examination and a hypodermic injection of a stimulant to help tide *him over* the sickness.

The examination *and* the injection are quickly and painlessly over and, after a little while, the promised *drink* is handed to him. The alcoholic downs the drink, feels fine for a moment and *is* wondering how soon he can get the doc. *to set* 'em up again, when suddenly that preposterous prophecy comes true. He finds *himself* more violently nauseated than he had supposed a human being could be and the.

Can *it* be that the sovereign cure-all for anything that ails an alcoholic has failed him? Has *the* demon rum betrayed his slave? Impossible! The doctor urges him to have another, with the same worse-than-negative results. When the wretched patient declines any more, the doctor invites him to smell of a bottle of whisky, the best in the country. He is then asked, as a connoisseur, if a less popular one, with its delicious woody smell, is not really superior.

"The Old, Old *Story*," an Early American Print Showing the Social Drinker Returning *Home* After a Session With Drunkards. Science Warns *Social Drinkers* That They Must Exercise Will Power to Avoid *Slipping Over* the Precipice From Social Drinking to Confirmed Alcoholism.

On one pretext or another the patient is induced to sniff samples of whiskies, brandies, and cordials. Finally the doctor opens a bottle of beer and suggests that it might perhaps settle his stomach.

It seems like a good idea but it isn't. Thus everything is done to associate in the alcoholic's mind the intimate link between his drinking and his misery. From five to seven of these dreadful sessions occur, with rest periods in between. Usually the patient is in the sanitarium for about five days.

How well is the patient conditioned? Well, 97 per cent of the people abstain for six months and 64 per cent of them abstain for four years or more. Further statistics on divorce and remarriage to John Barleycorn will be given later. First should be explained, in case the reader has not already guessed it, the trick in the treatment.

The injection the alcoholic receives is not a stimulant at all but a mixture of emetine, pilocarpine, ephedrine and water which will produce severe nausea in from eight to ten minutes. The most important thing is to time the first drink given to the patient so that it has just been downed when the severe nausea hits him.

Gradually the alcoholic gets sick whenever he sits down to look at the liquor bottles. He knows the misery ahead of him and even the smell of liquor makes him ill.

The conditioning is based on association of ideas, which is one of the crudest form of reasoning, also the oldest and commonest and so powerful that it often acts when a person's higher intelligence knows better. Animals reason that way as shown by the famous Russian scientist Pavlov.

Pavlov, in one of the most noted of all psychological experiments, fed his dogs and at the same time rang a bell. Naturally, because their food was in front of them, the salivary glands of the dogs began to secrete the gastric juices. Their mouths began to water. Pavlov then found that after a series of such feeding he could make the dogs' salivary glands begin secreting whenever he rang the bell although there was no food in sight. In a comparable fashion, Drs. Voegtlin and Lemere condition their patients against alcohol and create nauseating association in their minds whenever they see, or smell, alcoholic drinks.

The results claimed for the Voegtlin-Lemere treatment are surprising. It is said that over 97 per cent of the alcoholics stay "on the wagon" for six months and at the end of the year 67 per cent of them still abstain from alcohol. Over a four year period about 64 per cent will still avoid a drink so that if an alcoholic can get through the crucial period of from six to twelve months he will probably be cured.

Curiously the treatment only works on people 28 years old or over. The Seattle physicians have never yet had a cure with any person under 28. No one yet knows why this is so.

One remarkable thing about this treatment for alcoholism is that no attempt is made to use psychiatry. Drs. Voegtlin and Lemere themselves realize that failures during the first six months, small as they are, probably are due to severe psychopathic cases that need careful psychiatric analysis of their problem. Dr. Voegtlin, in his scientific report, makes no claim that the new method is superior to others used elsewhere. However, he points out that most methods of treatment can only show 15 per cent cures, over a four-year period.

At the symposium, sponsored by the Research Council on Problems of Alcohol, at the Philadelphia meeting of the American Association for the Advance of Science, scientists readily admitted that the alcohol problem only affects a very small minority of people in the nation. Some of them said it was just about as rare to find a teetotaler as it was to find an alcoholic. And that each was just about as unusual compared to the great mass of the population who are social drinkers, and for whom alcohol is only a pleasant little luxury and relaxation, not some great curse.

Dr. Robert V. Seliger of the Johns Hopkins Medical School explained to his fellow experts the profound aspects of psychiatric treatment in curing alcoholics. He listed 35 different ways that the patient must co-operate; such as realizing that drinking is merely substituting alcoholic phantasy for real accomplishment in life.

Yet, for the normal person, a brief flight from reality may be a harmless blessing if not overdone. A few drinks at a party make everyone forgetful of grim problems that await at the home and the office. Only for the chronic alcoholic is this day off from reality dangerous. It is the difference between the sailor who spends a gay night ashore but turns up the next morning, and the one who deserts ship in a foreign port.

Of course, after about the first session of the Voegtlin-Lemere conditioning room, the patient, unless dumb as Pavlov's dogs, suspects that there is an emetic in the bottles or the needle. After that he must submit voluntarily to the treatment and if he sticks it out there is a good chance for a cure.

This brings up another point, stressed by all experts on the subject, that one must wish to be cured or all will be in vain. There are those who, having been cured of the craving, find the realities of life so dull and boring that they deliberately stick their heads in the bottle's mouth again, in order to get back to the world of alcoholic make-believe.

Some physicians, as Dr. Wilfred Bloomberg, of Boston City Hospital, told the alcohol symposium, find that the "hangover" drug, benzedrine sulfate, helps cure the alcoholics of their morning "jitters." These jitters are often overcome by the alcoholics themselves by another drink of "the hair of the dog that bit them." This only leads to renewed drinking. Benzedrine sulfate serves to avoid this morning drink.

The real and final cure for chronic alcoholism would be to find some drug which, once injected into the body, would permanently make a drunkard sick if he or she ever touched liquor again. This almost magical anti-alcoholic drug, still unfound, ought to make a person stay away from liquor just as people with allergies have to stay away from eggs or whatever kind of food it is that makes them sick.

Drs. Voegtlin and Lemere, with their treatment, have gone a step in this direction for they seem able to build up "mental allergy" in the minds of alcoholics who have taken their cure.

Another step toward the goal of some super anti-alcohol drug has been made by Dr. D. H. Arnott of London, Ontario, who believes he has discovered a way to remove the craving for alcohol as surely as vaccination removes the danger of smallpox.

If a person gets over smallpox it is because his system has developed little antibodies which forever after will attack smallpox germs if they enter his body. That is how immunity to smallpox is built up.

Dr. Arnott believes that if a person drinks heavily for a long time his system creates something akin to antibodies to alcohol, which, contrary to common ideas, is not a stimulant but is a narcotic and depressant. But the alcohol antibodies, or whatever they may be, are a stimulant, says Dr. Arnott.

Chronic alcoholism, by this picture, comes when the patient's blood is so saturated with the stimulating factors that he has to drink to be comfortable. If drinking is cut off short the over-stimulation drives him almost mad. He cannot sleep, sit still or stop trembling.

Dr. Arnott's medicine appears to stop the system from creating the stimulating factor in the blood; why, he does not yet know. This lets the body come back to normal without the incessant craving for alcohol.

The causes of alcoholism are so complex that some kinds may be benefited by the Arnott cure. But most doctors can point to people who hate the taste of liquor but keep on drinking to escape from the responsibilities of life. These people have no craving for alcohol. They just use it as a way to dodge realities. For them the psychiatric treatment probably works best.

However much experts disagree among themselves on methods of cure they all agree on one thing. No patient is going to be cured unless he sincerely desires to be cured. That goes for the Voegtlin-Lemere, or the Arnott treatment or any other.

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THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

Fatal Gift

by

Katharine Newlin Burt

"No," Cried Lucy, Facing Linnie and Her Father and Jackie, "If Anyone Says That About My Sally or My Mary or Any of My Friends . . . I'll Go Away and Take Them With Me."

"PETER WAYNE has landed his job in the aeroplane factory," cried Jackie Seymour exultingly to her mother, Linnie. And then she turned to Lucy Grange. "You'll love him," she said.

The news came in a letter to Jackie soon after her arrival at the charming suburban Philadelphia home of Ralph Grange, where she had come to live following Ralph's return from his honeymoon with Linnie, his second wife.

Lucy, Ralph's daughter, of surpassing beauty, had welcomed her stepmother warmly but Linnie jealously compared Lucy's outstanding loveliness with Jackie's plainer looks. She found consolation, however, when she learned that Lucy's beauty acted as a sort of barrier with young people, whereas Jackie was popular with them.

Soon after their homecoming, Ralph suggested that Linnie call on Lucy's elderly great-aunts, the Misses Judith and Lu Grange. On the way, Lucy confided to Linnie that Judith disliked her and hated to have her inside the house. Aunt Lu, who adored Lucy, met them and leaving her niece downstairs led Linnie to Judith's room. "I'm glad Ralph has brought you to us," said Judith. "He says you have a grown girl of your own. Now tell me, what do you think of that stepdaughter?"

"My own daughter is no beauty," replied Linnie, "but I'd be ashamed not to be very fond of Lucy." She flushed when Judith exclaimed, "So you're jealous of that child," and calling Lucy an imbecile, expressed a desire to meet Jackie.

At this point, Dr. Henry Treyne, a young neurologist, burst into the room. Sent for by mistake, he was summarily dismissed. Seeing Lucy downstairs he asked abruptly if she was married. "No," she said. "Why not?" he insisted. "No sensible person ever asked me," she answered, whereupon he tilted her chin, and looking impersonally into her eyes, remarked, "Poor kid," and drove away leaving her amused.

At little later he wrote her. "I'm very much interested in you, and I'd be grateful if you would let me diagnose and clarify a condition which I believe may bring you unnecessary trouble and unhappiness."

His letter to Lucy and Peter's letter to Jackie arrived simultaneously and it was then that Jackie announced Peter's good fortune. Lucy, still conscious of Linnie's latent jealousy, mollified her by announcing a party for Jackie. Then she wrote a humorous refusal to Treyne's request but invited him to the party.

Unfortunately, the date she set was only a week before the day Judith had picked to give a tea for Jackie. She summoned Lucy, demanded she give up her dance and when Lucy refused, flew into a rage and called her dull like her mother and commonplace like her father. "Don't insult my father and mother," cried Lucy. "It isn't because of my stupidity you hate me. I know the real reason and so does everyone. I believe if you dared you'd throw acid in my face."

On the evening of the dance, Lucy, looking like a goddess, ran into Peter Wayne, who had come ahead of time. She liked him at once, and then Jackie came running in. "Peter darling," she cried, "You're so sweet to be here." She introduced him to Lucy. "He designs, you know," she explained. "He's a genius." Lucy enjoyed herself though she never before had had a good time at parties, and Peter cut in to dance with her. In the midst of the festivities Aunt Judith appeared and ostentatiously gave a string of pearls to Jackie. "This ought to make a Grange of you," she said.

"Aren't they beautiful, Lucy?" asked Jackie. "Isn't it sweet of your aunt?" It had been a wonderful party but after the last guest had left, there was reason for Lucy to be very, very pale.

(And Now Go On With the Story)

III

THE party had been a success but on the day that followed, a bright Sunday, the upper house of Grange was not in an appropriate mood of self-congratulation. There was trouble in the air.

A rose of Lancaster seemed to have planted itself in each of John's solid cheeks, Eric looked swollen about the gills, Mary exuded indignant pity, Sally had been and still appeared to be in tears. What the cook's condition was could only be guessed by Linnie, who interviewed that subterranean, monosyllabic gloom.

"But what," Linnie demanded anxiously of herself, Ralph having gone to church alone, "what has gone wrong? They all agree it was a splendid party. Certainly it got off to a good start." She and Ralph had been present to receive Lucy's guests and had then left for a late engagement of their own in town, creeping upstairs unnoticed on their return. Linnie now found it difficult to refrain from rousing Jackie with questions.

But this impulse she managed to control, kept herself quietly downstairs until a door opening, a whistle, brought her fairly running to the upper hall where stood Jackie, a figure to dispel any apprehension, eyes big and bright with sleep and happiness.

In her mother's room, Jackie gathered herself into a comfortable knot against the cushions of the lounge, holding her knees close to her chin. Above them her face looked absurdly charming, small, irregular and bright.

"O, muv, it was lovely. It couldn't have been better. That was a good notion of yours, having my friends. It did the trick. Anyway, I'd say Molly and Phyl were wrong. I found Philadelphians delightful."

"I thought Peter Wayne looked particularly charming." Linnie sat before her dressing table where Jackie's picture stood, and did her fingernails. She could see her daughter's face, not only in the photograph, but in reflection, and, with that small stab at heart already grown familiar, watched the quick, deep change that made it woman's rather than elf's, at mention of The Name.

"He's lovely."

SHE went back against her cushions, putting her arms above her head, turning her eyes to the branches of a tree in bridal bloom. "Muv," her color fled," "you know...I've a notion...that he's beginning to be...serious."

"His job?" Linnie suggested guilefully.

"Well, that too. But I was meaning...about me."

"O Jackie, darling, did he...did he...?"

"Well, you know, muv, the situation between Pete and me is a bit special." She changed her pose again, caught one ankle in her hands, this leg doubled under the other, and sat drooping, sweet and pallid as a snow drop. "I . . . I am so perfectly dippy about him. Yes, muv, I am . . . that I was scared stiff he'd see how absolutely spineless I felt... and I rather did the opposite from encouraging him.

"I mean, I've been awfully pally and matter-of-fact and boys-together sort of. And I let him see all I could how many other friends I had and how . . . well, I wanted him to believe that I was in a perpetual state of siege by other men.

"And Pete...thank God, although he could have any girl in the world and is tops in every way...he'll even have plenty of money years from now when his grandfather dies... and he's always had the best of everything, friends and home and education . . ."

"Well, Jackie?"

"Where was I? O yes, he isn't a bit conceited. He doesn't rate himself as the Answer to a Maiden's Prayer. He's uncertain about himself and me. And, besides, he's old-fashioned and wants to be sure he has enough to support a wife before he asks for one. So, you see..."

"He didn't actually?"

"Not actually. But it was a very near thing. If I hadn't felt...how does the song go? 'This must be love, here comes that dizzy spell.' My head was going 'round. I couldn't seem to help him. I was as stiff as a road sign and about as inspiring. But he told me..." She stopped, her eyes glowed, quite a lot. Anyway, I'm beginning to feel as if... God was going to be good." Tears stood on her cheeks. Linnie's arms were around her.

"My baby. My little Jackie."

"Hankie," mummured the baby, received one with thanks and used it womanly.

A few minutes later, at a calm distance again, Linnie asked rather more casually, "How did Peter and Lucy hit it off?"

"I don't know exactly. The girl is still a mystery to me. Of course he thought she was unbelievable. Everyone must. And I heard enough compliments for her to turn a girl's head all the way round and back.

"There wasn't a boy I danced with that didn't rave about her. But it doesn't seem to go any further, somehow. It's really queer. I had to keep reminding them to cut in on her. They acted as if she was a picture or a statue in the room, just for decoration, not for human intercourse. Peter couldn't explain it but he said something goofy about her not meeting anyone not coming alive. I guess, maybe, she's what they call 'unawakened'."

LINNIE laughed.

A weight fell from her heart. She had been dreading this conjunction of planets in Jackie's horoscope; the two stars that might well be fatal to that hesitant hope for happiness...the boy that always had the best...more so than Jackie in her young unworldliness realized, being, as Ralph and Linnie knew son of the Clifford Wayne, grandson of old Peter Heckshire Wayne!...and the girl that must inevitably seem to any beholder's appraising eye, the Very Best. But they had met and passed each other. That one fear out of the interminable fears of a mother could be crossed off. She drew a freer breath.

"Anyway," Jackie was chattering on, "he thought she was terribly beautiful and he thought she looked a little like that portrait of Miss Judith Grange, the copy Ralph has of the one down at Hearthstone . . . O, muv, I forgot. You'll never guess . . . Miss Judith Grange herself, in person—appeared on the stroke of midnight—only it was later, and graciously bestowed upon me a gift. Wait, I'll show you. It's really ducky. A string of pearls, must have cost at least $3.95. Might even be one of the $25 ones."

Linnie presently examined the string. The light touch of rouge showed in her cheeks. "Jackie, these must be real pearls. The clasp is of diamonds. It's a very old, very magnificent thing. Could she possibly . . . ? No, I can't believe it. But this almost looks as if it might be . . . The Grange necklace."

"Is there . . . ? I mean . . ."

"There is. Everyone here knows about the Grange pearls. It is an heirloom, Jackie. I must ask Ralph about this. It may be a very serious and rather dreadful thing."

"That," whispered Jackie, a small, brown hand pressed on either cheek, "that explains Lucy. She did look very queer."

"Lucy! Yes, and . . . and the servants. They all know!"

"Lucy got sort of grim and white and didn't say a word. Her aunt told her to clasp it on for me and her fingers were cold. O, muv, it's horrid, isn't it? And Peter said . . . they did become me . . . so."

"It's very horrid. I should think indeed that poor Lucy might look grim. Those pearls have been handed down, oldest son to oldest son or to oldest unmarried daughter... always to a Grange...for I don't know how many years. Ralph's told me about them and how beautiful his young aunt looked in them.

"She came into his nursery and showed herself, all in white satin with an enormous feather fan." Linnie did not quote what else Ralph had said. "Think how peerless my Lucy will look! She'll get them, married or not, if there's no male heir." "Jackie, are you sure there's no mistake?"

Jackie was sorrowfully sure. She quoted, "'This ought to make a Grange of you,' I didn't understand it then."

They sat there, side by side, a few silent minutes while Jackie wistfully touched the lovely gems. In her pajamas she looked like a Pierrot shut out into the "claire de la lune" without candle, pen or fire.

"They are so beautiful," said Jackie. "But they don't really look like me..or you... muv, do they? I have a special feeling about them because I had them on when Peter... just for good-by...kissed me.

"It was absolutely the first time he had, muv, and O," the color ran up into her face,

(Continued on Page 12)

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Why Art Loving Mrs. Logan Wants to Get in Mr. Porter's Peculiar Museum

Unusual Siege of a Once Very Rich Collector's $2,000,000 Treasure Trove of Masterpieces, With Drafted Old Retainers to Guard the Gates Against Invasion by a Lady Who Loaned Him $17,500

Above, Washington Porter, II, Giving His Favorite Venus a Shampoo Just to Prove That He Takes Good Care of His Art Works; And, Left Mrs. Frank Granger Logan, Formerly His Partner in a Sort of "Art Axis."

Mr. Porter's Besieged and Extraordinary Kiosk Sphinx Museum, In Which Are Three "Caves of the Wind," Veiled by Falling Water and Glowing With Lavender Lights.

"A MAN'S home is his castle. Enough said. No admittance except by permission of Washington Porter II."

By pasting that "general order" on the plate glass door of his pretentious Chicago home and entrenching himself and his "general staff" within its somewhat peculiar precincts, Mr. Washington Porter II appeared the other day to have brought to a temporary stalemate the astonishing blitzkrieg he had just launched to regain possession of his private museum and works of art he believes are worth over $2,000,000.

His chief adversary is Mrs. Frank Granger Logan, rich art patroness, author of "Sanity in Art," and—oddly enough—until not long ago his confidential partner in a sort of "art Axis."

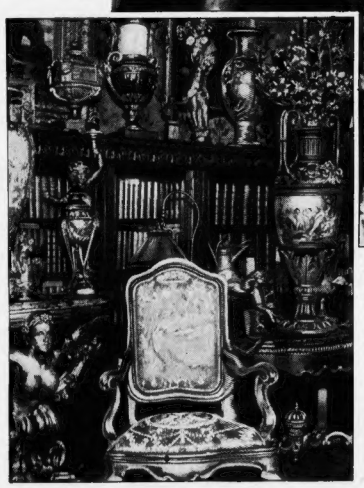
Mr. Porter used to be secretary of the American legation in Denmark—an experience that must have taught him the value of a few well-chosen words. So, when getting ready to defend his castle and hold out, if need be, against a state of siege, it is only natural that he should issue an official communique.

He did—and here it is:

"I am in full control of the situation here, and I intend to remain in control. Reports have reached me that attorneys for the Logans plan a new coup. Let them come! We are in possession and will remain in possession. Nothing but a court order can oust me."

Mr. Porter's home really is a castle, no fooling. It has 25 rooms and other unexpected ornaments. But perhaps the most surprising architectural appurtenance is that private museum, in the backyard.

This fabulous structure, called the Kiosk Sphinx, is half Egyptian and half Italian renaissance. It has a 150-foot stone kiosk towering above its oriental roof, and inside are three "caves of the wind," mysteriously veiled by falling curtains of water, behind which hidden lights glow with a predominating lavender tint—the whole arrangement surmounted by a massive glass sphinx, which is why the building is called the Kiosk Sphinx.



One of the Simpler Little Nooks in Mr. Porter's Private Museum, Where He Has What He Believes to be $2,000,000 Worth of Art Treasures, "Stacked Six Layers Deep."

In it and the adjoining mansion, Mr. Porter still has many of his $2,000,000 art treasures, stored and stacked, as somebody remarked, "six layers deep."

All of which makes it seem rather strange that the basis of his battling with Mrs. Logan should be a modest little sum of $17,500.

It seems that some time ago Mrs. Logan and Mr. Porter, whose families had been on friendliest terms for years, entered into a complicated arrangement that might be described as a sort of "art Axis," and that she advanced the $17,500 to satisfy judgments, pay back taxes and prevent foreclosure, at the same time taking title to his treasures and other possessions, to protect them from "aggressors."

Mr. Porter continued to live in his castle and for a while everything was serene between these "Axis partners." And then, one night, Mr. Porter was invited to the Logan home to confer at a sumptuous dinner, to which he says, he contributed a case of imported champagne.

During dinner, so he says, Mrs. Logan's nephews, Mr. John Seaman and Mr. Eugene Garnett, who is a lawyer, informed him that the insurance company that had covered the art collection did not feel that he was giving it the proper protection and that, therefore, it would be necessary to remove the more valuable treasures from the museum and castle to Mrs. Logan's home.

He says he thought they were just "kidding" him, but sure enough, the next morning vans drove up to the museum and workmen loaded up works of art, while he stood on the sidelines, his "heart bursting with grief."

On top of that, he claims that while he was in a grief-confused state of mind, he was induced to remove himself from the premises, too, and find another place to live. So he moved to a boarding house and brooded over his plight.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Logan seems to have made a strategic error. She retained his old servants, as caretakers in the museum and castle—and they remained loyal Porter legionnaires.

At any rate, when Mr. Porter launched his surprise blitzkrieg not long ago, to regain possession of the place, and started loudly ringing the doorbell just before dawn, the servants promptly let him in, accompanied by three so-called bodyguards and Dr. Alexander de Shusko, president of the Ukrainian Academy of Sciences and former professor at the University of Chicago.

The invasion accomplished, Mr. Porter lost no time in consolidating his gains, and quickly sent his attendants to market, to stock up on anchovies and other essential supplies, just in case he should find himself counter-attacked, or perhaps blockaded.

Then he sent for his old cook, Carlos, and that night, surrounded by what remained of his treasures, he and his cohorts held a victory celebration, dining on roast capon, broiled lamb chops, braised sweet potatoes and Russian anchovy salad. After that, he posted his "general order" and issued his communique.

Five years ago, if anybody had even intimated to jolly Mr. Porter that he might someday engage in all-out hostilities growing out of a trifling sum of $17,500, he would have no doubt reared with laughter, and opened another bottle of champagne.

At that time, he had a fortune rated at $5,000,000, part of it inherited from his father, Washington Porter I, who introduced California citrus fruit to the world, and part of it from his mother, Frances Lee Porter, who was an heiress in her own right.

He had, too, many treasures collected by his father, who had been chairman of the finance committee of the Columbian Exposition in Chicago in 1893, and who, after that world's fair, had bought many of the rare objects displayed in the Chinese and Russian buildings. And for years, Mr. Porter had been lavishly adding to his father's original collection, until he finally had so many works of art he had to build the Kiosk Sphinx to house the overflow.

In the Kiosk Sphinx, he gathered ponderous marble columns from Pompeii, gigantic chandeliers, towering candelabra, massive punch bowls large enough to supply a regiment, and many rare paintings, such as the "Coronation of Venus," by Poussin.

Replete with bubbling fountains, majestic balustrades, forty-ton marble columns, glass-bottom aquariums for tropical fish and a $10,000-cellar of rare vintage wines, this unique museum has been the setting for some of Chicago society's most singular parties.

On occasions, Mr. Porter used to assemble a company of "paying guests," at $2.50 a couple, which included music, dancing, cocktails, champagne and a midnight supper cooked by Carlos. But before supper, Mr. Porter would entertain his guests with a lecture on his works of art, followed by a baritone solo, sung by Mr. Porter—a solo such as "Pale Hands I Love."

But this abundant way of life came to a rather abrupt end when the bottom fell out of the real estate market. Harassed by a series of foreclosure suits and other litigation, Mr. Porter suddenly found himself in a position where he was about to see his treasures, his castle and his museum knocked down at a sheriff's sale to satisfy what must have seemed like a piddling little judgment.

He might have raised the cash, about $7,500, by passing a silk hat among his relatives. He might have gone to the bankers, hat in hand.

But what he did was ask Mrs. Logan to help him, which seemed like a good idea at the time. They were old friends, and their families had been friends for a long time. As an outstanding patroness of art, she had established herself as a defender of the highest artistic principles. She had founded a society to uphold those principles and given it the same name as her book, "Sanity in Art." And as far back as 1917, she and the late Mr. Logan had created a $175,000-fund for the Chicago Art Institute to make an annual $500-award for the best work by an American artist.

When the fad broke out for weird and grotesque art, known by many different names, she was very much distressed and had the courage to come right out calling such work "moronic." Her greatest distress came, however, when the committee in charge of the Logan fund gave the $500-award for a "prophetically interpreted" painting called "Wyoming Landscape."

"Why, it isn't worth five cents," she said, the moment she saw it, and then added: "To think that when Mr. Logan and I established that award we didn't reserve the right to say something about the paintings which should get it. It's a pity."

So, with her deep and genuine interest in true art, it's no wonder that she should have felt sympathetic toward Mr. Porter and agreed to help him out of his predicament.

It seemed that Mr. Porter had already formed a corporation, the Lakeside Galleries, Inc., and transferred title to his castle, museum and art works to this corporation, and was holding 99.8 per cent of the stock in his own name. Meanwhile, an insurance company had gotten that $7,500 judgment and was moving to satisfy it by levying on the stock. So Mrs. Logan arranged to have the the stock bought in at the sheriff's sale, to satisfy the judgment. She subsequently advanced an additional $10,000, to satisfy other obligations, such as back taxes, and took title to Mr. Porter's possessions, she says, to protect them for him.

To make what perhaps might be called her "war aims" clear, Mrs. Logan issued the following communique:

"Investigation showed that nearly half a million dollars in judgments are pending against Mr. Porter. To save his collection, my son and nephews formed a little corporation and bought in the stock at the sheriff's sale. When they attempted to obtain insurance to cover the collection they ran into difficulties because of fire and theft hazard.

"So they decided to remove the most valuable pieces to safer quarters. Mr. Porter continued to live in his home and have free access to the kiosk until he declined to pay the salaries of three employes or purchase fuel to protect the collection from the elements. He allowed visitors to enter, after which certain objects disappeared.

"After repeated warnings, Mr. Garnett was finally compelled to bar Mr. Porter from the premises. We have since footed all bills and put the place in order. We did it solely in his interests and for his protection."

Mr. Porter came back with another communique in which he said he had since raised the money to pay off the obligation to the Logan family, but that negotiations had stalled because they wanted to retain various choice objects as a bonus.

In reply to that, Mrs. Logan said:

"We have told Mr. Porter repeatedly that we are only acting in his interests and that we will release all of his property as soon as he reimburses us in the amount of the loan.

"We have no interest in permanently acquiring any part of his collection, but we feel that while it is under our care it must be safeguarded for our own protection."

Mr. Porter, however, said he had made them a final offer and if they didn't accept it soon he was going to start a replevin suit.

The latest report has Mr. Porter still holding the fort, no doubt on the grounds that possession is nine-tenths of the law, and so far, there is no indication of what the Logans plan to do next.

But one dark and chilly night, shortly after Mr. Porter's blitzkrieg invasion, it looked for a few moments as if a counter-attack had started.

About 2 a. m., there came a resounding crash, as a huge bay window shattered inward!

These "shock troops," however, were six of Mr. Porter's friends, who had inadvertently staged an invasion of their own by exerting too much pressure on the window while peering through it, perhaps with an excess of curiosity, and also exuberance.

As soon as he saw who they were, Mr. Porter told the servants to board up the window and break out refreshments.

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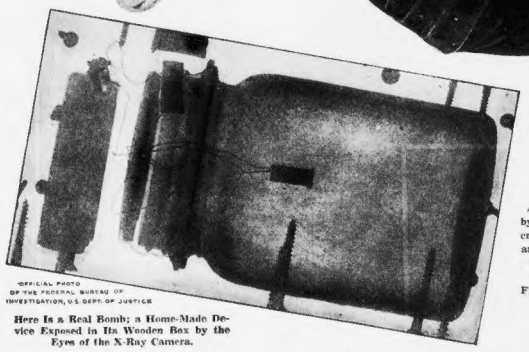
SABOTAGE! Cha

OFFICIAL PHOTO OF THE FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION, U.S. DEPT. OF JUSTICE

Which Is the Real Hand? Use of Resin-Wax Reproductions by Moulage Methods Which Duplicate Any Part of the Body With Life-Like Fidelity, Are of Great Help to the Federal Agents. Here Three Fingers and a Thumb of a Criminal in Moulage Are Almost Indistinguishable From the Hand of the FBI Agent That Holds Them.

A Deadly Tool of the Arson-Saboteur Is the Tiny Incendiary Pencil Which Bursts Into Hot Flames That Will Start Destructive Fires. A Man Carrying a Seemingly Harmless Pencil Is Difficult to Detect.



OFFICIAL PHOTO OF THE FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION, U.S. DEPT. OF JUSTICE

Here Is a Real Bomb; a Home-Made Device Exposed in Its Wooden Box by the Eyes of the X-Ray Camera.

A Fake Bomb Found by the FBI in an Aircraft Factory. Similar and Equally Harmless Weapons Are Often Used by Plotters to Frighten Watchmen of Defense Plants.

By ROBERT D. POTTER.
Science Editor, The American Weekly.

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SINCE the United States swung into its gigantic program of national defense and all-out aid to Britain, our law-enforcement agencies have come suddenly face to face with a class of criminals cleverer and far more menacing than our entire crop of Public Enemies put together.

These are the saboteurs, spys and foreign agents bent on crippling it at its source; and to combat them the Federal Bureau of Investigation and police departments throughout the country are quietly and efficiently mobilizing all the latest scientific devices ordinarily employed in the detection of less sinister though perhaps more spectacular law-breakers.

In 1916 and 1917 millions of dollars worth of damage at the Black Tom Terminal and the Kingsland munitions plants resulted from the crudely organized efforts of a handful of German amateurs in the fine art of sabotage.

But today the situation is a graver one—today we are confronted by a well-organized Fifth Column of Nazi and Communist sympathizers and deluded American fascists directed by trained and ruthless foreign agents who will stop at nothing in their attempts to hamper arms production, destroy munitions, cripple bombers on the assembly lines and slow up our vital war industries in every way possible.

But we are in a better position to fight it, too. By order of the President all counter-sabotage and counter-espionage activities are now cleared through the Federal Bureau of Investigation in Washington.

"Back in 1938 we handled some 250 cases of espionage and sabotage," Director J. Edgar Hoover told me as we sat in his office in the FBI where I had gone to find out what the Government was doing about it and what, if anything, we plain private citizens could do to help. "In 1939, as the war broke out in Europe, the number of such cases jumped to 1,651. Last year we investigated 16,885 of them!"

The threat is no idle one.

"Before the first World War there were many agencies, including private detectives, working in this field," Mr. Hoover explained. "Naturally there was much duplication of effort and a lack of prompt interchange of information on saboteurs and spies. But that has been corrected today, and I believe the FBI, with the fine cooperation of local police, can better guard the nation than ever before.

"With the aid of our voluminous fingerprint files and our central crime laboratories equipped with the latest developments in spectroscopy, moulage, photography, microscopy and ballistics some near miracles have already been performed."

That this was indeed true, and that for the FBI it was but a step from the apprehension and conviction of murderers, kidnapers, arsonists and forgers to the prevention of sabotage in our defense industries I learned at first hand during the two days I spent inspecting the vast laboratories, workshops and exhibits, many of them not open to the public.

NOT long ago a burglar entered a house in Radnor County, Pennsylvania, robbed it, cut the telephone line with a knife and fled. Police picked up a suspect, and a jackknife found in his possession was sent off to the FBI to determine if it had been the instrument employed in severing the wires.

In the Bureau's technical laboratory scientists heated the blade by means of an electric spark until it emitted light. Then a spectrograph analyzed this light and identified the chemical elements present in the edge. Naturally the spectral lines of iron appeared, for the knife was of steel, but the spectrograph also showed copper and tin in the same proportions as the copper and tin in the bronze alloy used in the telephone line.

This was strong evidence, but it was not all. Caught in the hinge of the knife was a tiny fiber which, examined under a high-power microscope, proved to be identical with the fibers used as insulation on the wires.

This key evidence produced in the laboratory, together with corroborating circumstantial evidence against the suspect, led to a conviction and a five to ten year penitentiary sentence.

In a remarkably similar manner G-men recently nipped in the bud a clever sabotage plot that might otherwise have caused incalculable damage in an airplane factory.

Evidence that a saboteur was at work appeared when the threaded elbow of a plane's fuel line (microphotographic enlargement of which is shown on this page) was found to have been cut with a hacksaw. This had been done in such a way that the plane would have been suddenly crippled in midair and a disastrous crash, or at least a dangerous forced landing, would have resulted.

With this clue, FBI agents discovered and collected hacksaw blades that could have been used to cause the cut.

The blades and damaged elbow were rushed to the laboratories in Washington. There the scientists subjected them to spectrographic tests which disclosed, on six of the blades, evidence of unseeable specks of alloy identical with the alloy in the fuel line.

Once more a mechanical detective had supplied the human detectives with their vital evidence.

It was a comparatively simple matter for the G-men to narrow their list of suspects to the person who had access to the incriminating hacksaw blades. It turned out that the sabotage was not a foreign plot.

"Had it been, immediate arrest and conviction of the saboteur would not necessarily follow," Mr. Hoover said. "As a matter of fact, premature arrests and publicity can be disastrous to effective intelligence work. Often the person first detected is merely an unimportant tool. Careful handling may lead to the master saboteur behind it all. We do not want to tip our hands in such cases until we have identified the whole sabotage or espionage ring. In the meantime, proper steps can be taken to prevent any damage."

MANY peacetime crime-detection methods are readily adaptable to the business of tracking down foreign agents and saboteurs.

The science of ballistics is usually associated with murder cases where it has been instrumental in proving that a gun found on a suspect was the one which fired the lethal bullet. The rifling of a gun or revolver leaves almost invisible markings on the surface of a bullet as characteristic of that particular weapon as are the fingerprints of a human being. These characteristic markings show up readily under a high-power microscope.

Ballistics and comparison microscopy can be used with equal effectiveness on tools, either burglars' tools or tools used to commit sabotage. A chisel, a Stillson wrench, a hammer or a pair of pliers all leave their own "fingerprints" on anything they touch, and a suspected tool can often be identified by this method.

Soil chemistry and petrology, the science of rocks, have also been ingeniously called upon to contribute to scientific criminology.

Suppose a man is killed during a struggle in a field and the local police arrest his suspected assailant. To convict it is necessary to place him at the scene of the crime, although he may claim never to have been there and present an apparently iron-clad alibi.

The police collect samples of the dust and dirt found on the cuffs of the suspect's pants and other parts of his clothing and forward it to the FBI's technical laboratory, together with samples of soil from the scene of the crime. Often these can be proved identical, thus breaking the mur-

(André La Terza Photos.)

The "Murder Scene" Above Is the Usual Kind of Picture Taken by Bertillon Men. But With the New Panoramic Camera of Dr. Back a "Round-the-Room" Picture of the Entire Scene Can Be Secured. With Such a Photograph Detectives Have a Sweeping, All Inclusive Picture for Permanent Reference.

The Sinister Challenge to Scientific Crime Detection

The Federal Bureau of Investigation Reveals How Foreign Agents Plotting Against Our Defense Industries, Have Intensified the Alertness of Our Investigators and How Science's Newest Devices Help Checkmate Alien Criminals

(Andre La Terza Photo.)
Latest Instrument of the Scientific Detective Is the New 360-Degree Panoramic Camera Here Seen With Its Inventor, Dr. F. G. Back of New York City. The Camera Takes the Unusual Picture Shown at the Bottom of This Page.

This Enlarged Microphotograph Shows How Saboteurs Work. The Little Hacksaw Cut (Arrow) Was Made in the Threaded Fibow of a Fuel Line on an Airplane. The Hacking Instrument That Might Make Such a Cut Can Be Traced With Scientific Analysis by the Spectrograph.

The Government Agents Found the Saboteur at the End of Their Trail. The Spectrograph Trapped Him, for It Identified the Hacksaws That Had Damaged the Airplane's Gas Line, and Led to the Wrecker, Posing as an Ordinary Working Man.

derer's alibi, and leading to a confession or a conviction.

In a sabotage case similar methods might be employed to place a suspect at the scene of a bomb explosion or a fire.

Another recent advance in scientific crime detection is the use of a new resin-wax formula in taking moulage impressions. These special waxes can reproduce with life-like reality perishable objects such as an apple core bearing the marks of a criminal's teeth, footprints in flour, or the imprint of a tiretread in the dust.

The FBI sometimes uses a technique for preserving an impression of a footprint in the snow, practically the ultimate in perishable evidence. A layer of talcum powder is first dusted over the print through a fine wire screen, then plaster of Paris is gently poured in. The talcum powder serves to insulate the snow from the heat liberated as the plaster hardens, and a fine replica of the footprint is secured.

The moulage technique is often employed in preserving the impressions of tool marks or scratches on a large object such as a door or window which it is not convenient to move or store. Later, when a suspected tool is found, its "fingerprints" can be compared with those in the moulage cast.

Frequently moulage is used to make death masks or dupheate with remarkable fidelity parts of a mutilated human body for purposes of possible identification.

One death mask seen in the FBI galleries is that of a baby girl, a portion of whose face had been mutilated. Its identification by witnesses led to the conviction of the mother for murder. Without the mask, the crime might have gone unsolved.

With a bullet hole under one eye, the death mask of Doc Barker, kidnaper and murderer finally killed in an attempted escape from Alcatraz, is not a pretty thing to look at, but its life-like reality demonstrates how minutely moulage can reproduce objects in three dimensions.

IN THE room where a murder victim lies, at the scene of a serious accident, or in a factory where suspected sabotage has occurred, Bertillon men, among the first to arrive, set up their cameras and take as many pictures of the scene as possible. When later it may become necessary to study these photographs they furnish an excellent record of particular portions of the scene, but it is difficult to arrange them so they will give a comprehensive picture of the whole and with all objects in correct proportion to each other.

This has been rectified by a special panoramic camera shown me by Dr. F. G. Back of New York City, which takes a 360-degree picture that includes the entire crime scene. A panoramic camera is not particularly new, but what is new is Dr. Back's invention of an ingenious arrangement which makes it possible to take the picture under any light conditions.

This consists of a specially constructed illuminator fixed above the camera, which projects a vertical beam of intense light. The camera is set up in the center of the scene to be photographed and slowly rotated by means of a small spring-driven motor. As it rotates a narrow strip of light from the powerful 500-watt lamp in the illuminator rotates with it and a complete 360 degree picture is obtained on a 10-inch piece of film in about 15 seconds.

In the lower left-hand corner of this page is a posed murder scene as it would appear in an ordinary photograph. Below it is a long strip picture taken by the Back panoramic camera showing how the body looks in relation to the entire room. It furnishes police with a permanent record of the position and condition of everything at the time the picture was taken.

FIRE is one of the most effective and most difficult to guard against of all the weapons of the saboteur, as this country was well aware back in 1916. Then, as now, America was neutral; and then, as now, our war industries were working at top speed turning out munitions, supplies and guns.

At Black Tom, railroad terminal and munitions dump on the Jersey City side of New York Harbor, tons of shells and explosives of all kinds were stored in warehouses, packed into freight cars and piled aboard barges waiting to be trans-shipped to vessels bound for Europe.

At 2.08 on the morning of Sunday, July 30, 1916, a geyser of flame rose over Black Tom as a barge filled with TNT exploded. A few minutes later a holocaust was raging over the terminal as carloads of shells blew up and shrapnel and grenades burst lighting the sky for miles around.

The ground shook as blast followed blast. People were thrown to the ground, windows shattered. Shell fragments fell over a wide area as though an actual bombardment were in progress; some even being picked up in lower New York City.

When it was over Black Tom was a shambles, three persons had been killed and scores injured, and the damage to the terminal alone was estimated at $22,000,000.

For over twenty years a legal controversy raged as to whether or not the origin of the catastrophe was incendiary. It is generally believed that it was—possibly the result of a time bomb or a "fire pencil" placed in a boxcar loaded with inflammables.

These incendiary "pencils" were small tubes containing acids that produced an intense flame and were a favorite device of the saboteurs of those days.

But today scientists in the technical laboratory of the FBI are continually studying these little devices, as well as thermite and phosphorus bombs and the thousand and one other tricks of the professional arsenist.

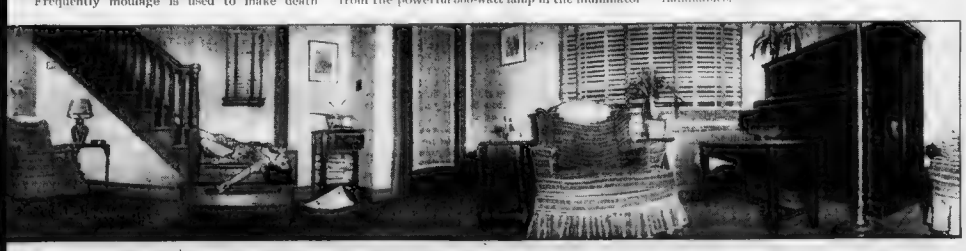
X ray photography is one of the most effective weapons against them, for by means of it the contents of suspicious packages can be disclosed. The X rays too will reveal many kinds of articles hidden about the clothing of a suspected person, even objects which may have been swallowed; or which might, like a tiny "fire pencil," be difficult to detect.

Two other types of rays widely used in criminology are also readily adaptable to the fight against saboteurs and spies. These are the ultra-violet and infra red rays employed ordinarily to discover skilfully changed serial numbers on stolen fields, to make legible the words on a piece of burned paper and even to disclose blood stains on clothing that has been cleaned. They can and are just as effective in revealing the forged credentials of a potential saboteur, or incriminating evidence burned by a spy.

Another trick of the laboratory photographer is to take a picture of a hotel blotter so as to bring out the impressions made by the pressure of a pencil upon it. Oblique light, directed at the impressed surface at the proper angle, can make the imperceptible ridges and groves of the writing stand out in bold relief on the photographic plate.

Most everyone has heard of the enormous number of fingerprints on file in the storage cabinets at the FBI offices in Washington. The largest col-

(Continued on Page 15)



FATAL GIFT

(Continued from Page 8)

[illegible] they're doing to [illegible] with a wedding dress? [illegible] me down to me quick. I [illegible] take them right straight [illegible]

Lorraine's eyes closed over the pearls. What darling. It's not [illegible] and they're [illegible] must be the pearls [illegible] very careful that [illegible] the right one. Awful [illegible] Let me speak to Ralph [illegible] across from church [illegible] take them to Carr room [illegible] They're strange. Please [illegible] I can't quite [illegible] been here [illegible]

But now Lucy's other aspect [illegible] to [illegible]. The [illegible] could see only itself. It [illegible] Lucy thought [illegible] be no difference. She's [illegible] such a strange girl or of course it might be that I'm wrong that she is not. The [illegible] Peabody. That she told herself would be the happiest [illegible]

[illegible] she [illegible] herself to [illegible] be well the right [illegible] [illegible] pride as well as [illegible] [illegible] He [illegible] Lucy pearls [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

(Continued from Page 12)

...Linnie spoke. "I've been trying all day to get you to myself. I'm worried sick."

"Worried?" Ralph's voice was lazy and dreaming, his cheek was laid against her head. "You have the softest hair in the world, Lin. It's like dandelion silk."

"I'm worried about your Aunt Judith and Jackie and the pearls."

"The pearls?" Ralph's lips still moved against her brow but his grasp had lost a little of its steady tenderness. The arms were no longer so conscious of her suppleness and her surrender.

"And about Lucy."

"Lucy. What about Lucy now?"

THAT adverb hurt Linnie. Ralph had raised his head. She turned and straightened, sitting away from him. "Why do you say 'now'? I've made no complaints or criticisms."

"You've had no reason to."

"Of course not. Don't be provoking, Ralph. Just listen to me, won't you?" Rapidly she told him the story of Judith's conspicuous gift.

He sprang up, strode away from her, switched on the nearest light. Returning, he stood before her, in his dark, belted dressing gown, looking severe and tall. His face was uncharacteristically grim. He spoke softly but with violence, damning Judith's act.

"Ralph dear!" Linnie was really shocked. This gentle and reasonable husband was entirely out of character in his present aspect. Reaching back, she shut the casement window, finding the night air suddenly too cold.

"They can't be the Grange pearls, Linnie," said Ralph, now calmly. "She wouldn't dare. You're wrong."

"Why can't they be? Lucy recognized them. I don't think you realize, dear, how very strong a liking Judith took to my Jackie. The first time I took her down there..."

Ralph was not listening, not even looking at her. His brown eyes, usually quite soft and pensive, looked almost fiery. "She wouldn't dream of giving those pearls. It's out of all tradition. They practically belong to Lucy. They're part of her inheritance. Judith has no individual personal right in them at all. Certainly not in their disposal. They are an integral part of the estate. And to someone outside of the family! ..."

"O, Ralph, I didn't think you would feel that my daughter was an...outsider."

He did not come back to caress her or to apologize. He went on in the same tone with the same incredulous, indignant, almost contemptuous air. "It isn't a personal matter, darling. You know as well as I do that Jackie Seymour"—Was there a little emphasis on that last name?—"has not the slightest claim on the Grange estate. No. You're wrong. The girls aren't asleep yet. Wait, let me call Jackie..."

"Stop!" She ran across the carpet in clapping mules to intercept him on his way hallwards. "Wait a moment, Ralph, I am not going to have Jackie hurt."

He stopped, turned upon her. "Hurt?. She can't possibly be expecting to keep them, if she thinks they are THE pearls."

"O Ralph, as if there could be any question of keeping them,' and, to her own surprise, Linnie was now in tears.

THEY seemed to well up like blood from a wound beyond the reach of consciousness. For, certainly, the picture Linnie had made of herself as Ralph Grange's second wife was not that of a woman jealous for her daughter and greedy over a string of pearls.

Nevertheless, a very sharp pain drove the tears into her eyes. Quickly that middleman that interpreter who lives in every human consciousness and performs the nimble, necessary and unappreciated duty of clothing in acceptable public garb before it can reach full consciousness, the natural emotion of Old Adam and Old Eve—prompted a pathetic reproach, "I don't know you like this, Ralph. You seem to suspect me of incredible meanness and pettiness. You know how I lo-ove Lucy...she'll never seem like an outsider to m-me."

Ralph was immediately aware of a profound disturbance, forgot the pearls, turned back and took her into his arms, "Goose! The way I feel has nothing in the world to do with you. As if I didn't know, darling child, that you're the most generous, open handed, open-hearted girl in all creation!

"And it isn't because the pearls represent a great many thousands of dollars, a small fortune in themselves, because there's nothing I'd rather your...own Jackie had than just that. It's a matter of family tradition and of pride..."

"I understand, Ralph," sobbed Linnie, unconsciously exaggerating her own aspect of childishness because she knew she wasn't really feeling like a child. "I do understand. It was what you said about Jackie being an outsider and...and...as though she could possibly intend to keep the wretched things..."

"Linnie, Linnie! What a baby

"They Can't Be the Grange Pearls, Linnie," Said Ralph, "She Wouldn't Dare. You're Wrong."

SELECTED FICTION

FATAL GIFT

I...
Well, well, child, [illegible]
I made [illegible] away [illegible]
No, I'm going to [illegible]
Self. This minute. I [illegible]
to. Well, better [illegible]
the [illegible]
tone and [illegible]
the real McCoy."

Jackie came to. But [illegible]
ave back at once to [illegible]
treasure.

Linnie, waiting, with [illegible]
across the square, [illegible]
[illegible] down on both [illegible]
against the stars. It [illegible]
Moonlight from a row of [illegible]
and a small wind moving [illegible]
stone-colored [illegible] gave [illegible]
a feeling of detachment and [illegible]
of unreality. Picture of the past [illegible]
out of which had been shaped [illegible]
that slight distortion of the ideal [illegible]
Linnie which caused her unhappiness, streamed through her unwilling memory.

Jackie's father, the tall ruddy [illegible]

"I can't find them. I've looked [illegible]

(Continued on Page 16)

$17.50 LOWEST PRICE EVER PUT ON AN ADDRESSING MACHINE

NO MORE TIRESOME HAND ADDRESSING

[illegible] ELLIOTT ADDRESSING MACHINES [illegible] them [illegible] Address Cards in [illegible] Plastic-tone metal address plates [illegible] the ADDRESSERETTE [illegible] Stencil-cutting machine. It [illegible] reason [illegible] pay [illegible] cases that need [illegible] Churches, Small Stores, [illegible] one who wants to save [illegible] and bother of hand-addressing [illegible] to the ADDRESSERETTE [illegible]

THE ELLIOTT COMPANY

SOMETHING SMART TO WEAR!

THE exclusive dress patterns that appear in this and every issue of THE AMERICAN WEEKLY are simplified so that even beginners can use them successfully. See the choice selection appearing in this issue!

WHO SAYS A BRIDE CAN'T COOK?

...she can *easily* if you give her modern Pyrex Ware!

DON'T MISS this chance to start a bride *right*. Any girl can be a better cook with Pyrex ware. This miracle glassware bakes faster. Food browns more evenly. She can watch its progress through the clear glass sides. She even saves on dishwashing! For she'll cook and serve and store in the same gleaming dish. Plan a Pyrex ware shower today! You can buy a whole set, if you like, for as little as a dollar. And 75 of Pyrex dishes are priced below that! See them at your favorite store today.

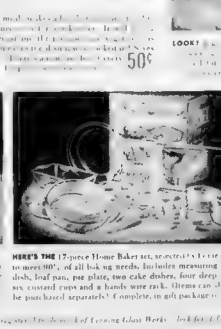
THE TREND to oven meal-serving dishes is shown above in a [illegible] dish shown above [illegible] Smart, easy-to-clean [illegible] well! Serve the whole [illegible] oven hot, cook [illegible] time you turn [illegible] 50¢

GIVE HER Pyrex Flameware dishes! They're new and smart—the latest thing! Will go [illegible] stove tops. Sports designed especially for easy pouring. Set [illegible] broiler cooking in [illegible] $1.65 One qt. double boiler washes [illegible] $3.45 sparkling clean in a jiffy.

LOOK! [illegible] $1.00

IMAGINE a sizzling steak on the [illegible] as free platter! It can go right in the oven [illegible] chops, too. Tree and branches drawn [illegible] mat will be easy to [illegible] An ideal gift. Get one before! It's fifteen inches long, and [illegible] $1.85

HERE'S THE 17-piece Home Baker set, as [illegible] to meet 90%, of all baking needs. Includes measuring cup, [illegible] dish, loaf pan, pie plate, two cake dishes, four deep pie [illegible] ers, custard cups and a handy wire rack. Items can also [illegible] be purchased separately! Complete, in gift package [illegible] $2.95



THESE FOUR [illegible] measuring cups [illegible], every household requirement. Quart liquid measure, pint liquid measure, one cup liquid measure and one cup dry measure. All have handy red markings for quick measuring and the liquid measure has [illegible] 15¢

"PYREX" [illegible] Trade-Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. Corning Glass Works [illegible] for [illegible] protection.

MISS AMERICA FIGHTS FOR HER FIGURE

These Pretty Fencers, Who "Fought" at the New York World's Fair, Are Posing With Pride, So to Speak, and Demonstrating What Swordsmanship Can Do for the Feminine Figure.

AMERICAN girls, as women go, are not a pugnacious lot. They are alert and active, but they don't go around with chips on their shoulders. Like the overwhelming majority of their countrymen and countrywomen, they are for peace.

They are, however, engaged in a fight—for their figures. And they are fighting each other—with swords. These blades shed no blood. They leave no wounds on the body or the spirit. They do provide the thrill of personal combat, in a pleasant way. They sharpen the eye and quicken the hand. They perk up the mental faculties—and they do wonders for the feminine figure.

The photographs on this page are scenes from the benign battle now going on in schools, gyms and clubs from one end of the country to the other. Statisticians who compile the "dope" on such activities say that more than 100,000 Americans are now thrusting and parrying with the foil, the slightly heavier epee and the still stouter saber. Many of these disciples of an ancient and gallant sport are members of the gentler sex.

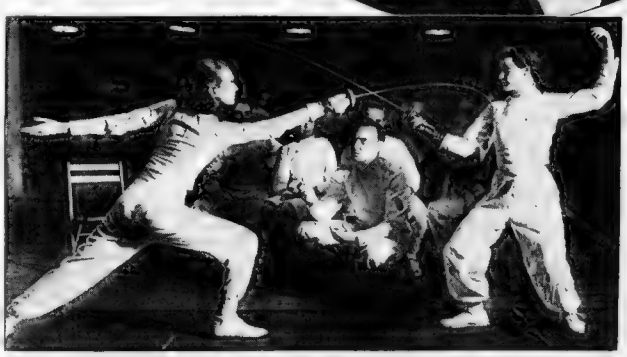
They are finding out that there's much more to fencing than meets the eye of the novice unfamiliar with the formal and complicated rules of the sport. It takes a year to learn the rudiments of fencing and to be able to put up an intelligent and effective battle against a fair-to-middling handler of the foil. Many years are needed to turn out a masterful job with the whip-like blade.

American girls—especially college students—are fighting for their figures because they have found that fencing exercises both the mind and the body, develops poise and grace, tones up all the muscles without ever "bunching" any of them and does wonders for the figure.

They stick to the light foil, and leave the epee and the saber to the masculine disciples of the sport, who also find that this kind of fighting is fine for the physique.

Maybe It's the Temper of the Times—Anyway, Women Are Finding Fun, Health and Grace in the Ancient Art of Duelling

This Friendly Bout Shows Two Comely Fencers Going In for the Kind of Action That Is Helping Miss America Keep in Fine Physical and Mental Shape.



There's Much More Exercise in Fencing Than Those Familiar With the Ancient Sport Would Think, and the Pastime Calls for a Keen Eye and a Quick Hand as Well as a Body That Is Strong and Supple.

Does Uncle Sam Need A New National Anthem?

EVERY so often someone gets the notion that what this country needs—along with a few economic, social and political changes—is a new national anthem.

Right now there is a mild but persistent [illegible] to do away with the familiar air that celebrates the dawn's early light as the official National Hymn. The chief reason [illegible] to be that this anthem has a distinct anti-British angle because it was composed [illegible] episode in the war which the United States fought with England in 1814.

The author, as most everyone knows, was Francis Scott Key, American scholar, lawyer and churchman. On September 14, 1814, he was aboard a British man-of-war arranging for the exchange of American and British prisoners. On that day the English attacked Fort McHenry at Baltimore, Maryland.

Key was detained—not imprisoned—aboard one of the British ships until the battle was over. It was during the attack that he wrote the first draft of "The Star Spangled Banner," describing the "bombs bursting in air" and noting, with patriotic fervor, that "our flag was still there."

Some of our citizens today argue that "The Star Spangled Banner" is a hard song to sing, anyway, and convinced of the practical idealism of co-operating with England, believe we might as well pick a more stirring and more appropriate national anthem.

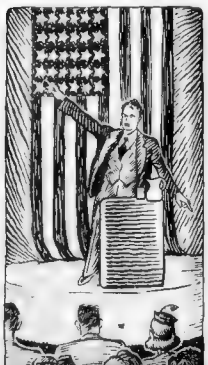
Some of them lean toward "God Bless America." Others think Julia Ward Howe's "Battle Hymn of the Republic," or George Root's "Battle Cry of Freedom" might better typify the spirit of America in these troubled times.

This is not the first time that altruistic and well-meaning people have urged the citizens of this country to consider shelving the composition inspired by the Battle of Fort McHenry for something more general and singable. They pointed out that any crowd of people giving voice to "The Star Spangled Banner" will find the low notes too low and the high notes too high.

A few years ago Mrs. Frederick Brooks-Aten, a patriotic American woman, offered $6,000 in prizes for the words and music of a new national anthem. The contest enlisted the talents of a sizable army of professional and amateur composers. Three thousand pieces of music were sent in, and 1,500 lyrics. The first prize of $3,000 went to Frederick H. Martens and Leo Ornstein for a composition called "America"—which was quite different from the familiar "My Country, 'tis of thee." This happened 10 years ago—but "The Star Spangled Banner" was not pushed into the background.

Three years before this a competition held for the same purpose attracted 900 manuscripts—but the judges, after playing them all, decided that none of them was worthy to replace Mr. Key's lyrical inspiration while watching the ships of John Bull bring up at one of Uncle Sam's forts.

The recurring attempts to adopt a new national anthem have also brought out the fact that the tune, to which Francis Scott Key's stirring words were set, was an old English drinking song called "When Bibo Went Down to the Regions Below."



In the Past There Have Been Several Attempts to Replace "The Star Spangled Banner" With a National Anthem That Isn't Based on One Episode in a War With England and Which Is So Written That It Is Easily Singable as Well as Inspirational and Typically American.

Watermelons That Whistle

A WATERMELON that whistles when it's ripe has been developed recently by Steve N. Harrison, a farmer near Belleville, Illinois, after more than eight years of research.

Plugs with a whistle attachment are inserted into the melon when small and as the fruit ripens a gas forms, blowing the whistle and informing the planter that it is ready to harvest.

Harrison denied that a field when ripe would sound like a football referee's convention, saying that whistles of a soft and melodious pitch are easily obtained and that with practice even the simpler tunes might be played to entertain the pickers.

Harrison, who lives near a school for the blind, said that several of its graduates worked in his patch guided by the whistles alone. This, he says, frees able-bodied men for national defense.

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Sabotage! Sinister Challenge to Scientific Crime Detection

The FBI Often Traps Murderers Who Smash Guns Hoping to Escape Conviction, by Substituting Parts From a Duplicate and Putting the Damaged Gun Into Condition. Ballistic Markings of Bullets Fired From the Gun Frequently Prove It Was the Lethal Weapon. This Official Photo of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, U. S. Dept. of Justice, Shows a Small Section of the Vast Gun Collection.

(Continued from Double Page)

lection in the world – the file today has over 16,300,000 fingerprint cards.

But few are aware of the other files ready to be mobilized in the fight against the saboteur and the spy.

In a special gallery not open to the general public I passed row upon row of different kinds of guns—680 different types, to be exact—and a lethal exhibit indeed, for every one of them is in good firing condition. This great collection of weapons has a very practical value, for many murderers hold to the mistaken belief that if they smash their guns after a crime they have a good chance of escaping conviction.

But this is not so. The FBI has often received suspected guns battered almost out of all recognition. By selecting a duplicate from the file, experts are often able to substitute parts from it and put the suspected weapon back in firing condition again. Thus it is possible to get the ballistic markings on bullets fired from the mutilated gun and prove, in many cases, that it was the lethal weapon.

Every kind of headlight lense manufactured in the last ten years is also on file, listed with the make and model of the car in which each type was used. Thus from a few fragments of broken headlight glass recovered from the scene of an accident it is a comparatively easy matter to tell the type and kind of car from which they came. One of the jigsaw puzzle jobs of FBI technicians is fitting these fragments into the broken headlight of a suspected car.

Part of their study of glass involves investigations of bullet holes in windows and windshields. Often it is possible to determine the caliber and make of the gun whose bullets produced a given hole, and from which direction it came or the glass was broken.

Uninformed persons usually assume that the side on which glass fragments fall is the side opposite to that from which the blow that shattered them was struck. But this is not necessarily true, especially when a window is set at an angle from the perpendicular. The direction from which the shattering blow came can be definitely determined, however, by crack-patterns easily recognizable to experts.

Also on file and readily available to the FBI scientists are 26,822 different watermarks used in paper, 3,845 tire treads, 2,069 samples of rope and string, 1,881 different kinds of ammunition, 901 kinds of type standards used on typewriters, 585 different patterns of rubber footwear and 33 types of protectograph machines used in check writing.

A truly formidable array of scientific allies for the G-men to call upon in their work of counter-sabotage and counter-espionage.

AS a first step toward protecting our vital defense industries, the FBI is conducting a sabotage survey with a view to determining better methods of guarding them from within.

Federal agents go through crucial plants and factories with often only the president or superintendent aware of their presence. Quickly and quietly they seek to learn every way in which the plant could be sabotaged, or valuable blueprints or drawings stolen. By the end of the survey the agents generally know more about the plant than the management itself, so far as the possibilities of sabotaging it are concerned, and recommend the precautionary measures necessary to guard against it.

These surveys prove of the utmost importance, and the recommendations invaluable.

One G-man found there were three entrances to the factory he was investigating. Unchallenged he walked through one roamed about asking curious questions at will, and left by the way he had come. Then he returned by the second entrance and repeated his performance. Finally he came and went again by the third entrance, still unchallenged by anyone.

Needless to say, the gates of that plant are now barred and strangers enter only after a close check of their credentials.

At another factory a Federal agent was proudly shown the strong and well-guarded vault where secret blueprints were kept. The only trouble was that the agent noticed on the wall beside the door—R-24, L-15, R-43, L-8. The combination of the vault had been written there for convenience!

While the FBI's survey was in progress in another place the local newspaper, purely by coincidence, decided to get a picture of the greatly increased employment there. A photographer asked the plant superintendent to keep the gates closed for a few minutes after quitting time so that more of a crowd would pile up and he could get a better shot of them all pouring out at once.

That evening when the men came to leave they found the gates unaccountably locked. As a thousand or so of them waited somewhere a rumor started that everyone was to be searched. The rumor spread as more workmen joined the crowd.

Of course, nothing like that happened. The gates were opened, the men poured out and the photographer got his picture. But when the crowd had gone guards picked up a couple of bushels of tools and small parts that the workmen had hastily dropped as they waited.

THE value of the Federal Bureau of Investigation as a nation-wide counter-criminal agency in fighting sabotage and espionage is all too little realized. Unlike the lone-wolf bankrobber the murderer or the confidence man who passes bad checks, sabotage or spying is seldom the work of a single individual. Always saboteurs are part of a ring which probably has a myriad of activities over many sections of the nation and is directed by a master spy or saboteur directly responsible to some foreign power.

The FBI investigates speedily all tips on espionage and sabotage received from local police and private citizens. These pour in sometimes at the rate of 2,000 a day. Trivial bits of evidence turned in in this fashion from widely separated parts of the country, though apparently unrelated, can often be fitted into a central pattern that will lead to the smashing of a spy or sabotage ring.

As Federal agents watch a sabotage plot working toward fruition they are able to decide when is the best moment to spring the trap that will catch the brain of the ring and not a mere "tool" of minor importance whose arrest would only warn the master saboteur to greater caution. The real goal is to trap the master mind behind it all, that sinister, nebulous figure who commands the ring and directs its wide-spread activities.

The preventive work of the FBI has thus far been wholly effective. While the FBI has found instances of sabotage, Mr. Hoover told me, they have not been the work of foreign agents. Even the explosions which occurred in munitions plants where the public has been suspicious of sabotage were not the work of the professional saboteur. These mishaps, it appears, have been accidents caused by speed-ups in production and the employment of new personnel strange to naturally hazardous jobs.

"Just how can we, as private citizens, help the FBI to combat espionage and sabotage?" I asked Mr. Hoover.

"Every citizen can be of very definite help by reporting to the nearest office of the FBI without [illegible] any suspicious activities he believes may affect our internal security," he said. "But many people have recognized their duty is proven by the thousands of reports we have received and investigated.

"Give us the information," Mr. Hoover urged. "It may prove unfounded but you may be sure trained FBI agents will determine that fact. The citizen is not qualified to evaluate such data and if he attempts to do so valuable and much needed evidence may be lost to the FBI.

"However in this call for assistance from every citizen, I wish strongly to emphasize one word of caution for the rising wave of patriotism can have its dangers, too, as anyone whose memory goes back to the days of the first World War can recall.

"The way to catch spies and saboteurs is not to screech about it, not to seek publicity about it. Counter-espionage is effective only when foreign agents can be placed under surveillance, their contacts observed, their methods [illegible] and their sources of information ascertained and later controlled.

"Always every citizen of the nation must remember that our country has been formed [illegible] many races, many nationalities and many creeds. Never must we allow hatred, unfounded suspicion, guided and gossip-bred, [illegible] to direct acts of repression against persons of different nationalities. We must remember the survival of conditions of the last war when a foreign name was sufficient to arouse suspicion and even cruel oppressive acts.

"We must not let such hysterical emotions occur again. My warning is this: If you have your suspicions about some person or persons, or police suspicious acts, do not talk about them publicly for you may cause embarrassment and injure the reputation of some individual whose patriotism and reputation are as good as your own.

"When you have information report it to the FBI office in your area. And then keep still. We will do the rest."

WHAT A WASTE OF ENERGY

Has no one told you about S.O.S? How those inefficient scouring pads waste energy and cost [illegible] double-quick time! How pots and pans shine so much [illegible] with just a [illegible] of S.O.S! And only S.O.S is impregnated with S.O.S—that [illegible] that makes it [illegible]

S.O.S CLEANS, SCOURS AND KEEPS ALUMINUM BRIGHT AS NEW

NEVER BEFORE HAS $755* BOUGHT YOU SO MUCH AUTOMOBILE!

HERE'S ONE! SLIPSTREAM SEDAN THAT HAS PLENTY OF VISIBILITY AND HEADROOM!

You get up to 30 miles a gallon in Nash's New Kind of Car

HERE'S the car—and here's the price—that are causing the biggest swing in motor car history to Nash!

This is the sensational *new kind* of car in the lowest-price field that leads—by a wide margin—in everything you want.

Want the Most Miles to the Gallon? This big, beautiful Nash gives good drivers *up to 30 miles a gallon* . . . 500 to 600 miles on a tankful . . . overall savings of $70 to $100 a year!

Want the Roomiest Car? Nash has the most seating room of all lowest-price cars. Front seat's nearly five feet wide!

Want the Smoothest Ride? Nash is the first and only low-price car with *coil springing on all four wheels* for the smoothest kind of ride any car can give you.

Want the Easiest Handling? Thousands on thousands of owners tell us it's the easiest car in the world to drive and park. With Two-way Roller Steering—and less unsprung weight than any other car—this Nash grips the curves, and just *scoots* through traffic!

Want the Most Comfort? No other car in the lowest-price field matches *any* of these Nash features . . . the exclusive Weather Eye Conditioned Air System for perfect fresh-air comfort the year 'round . . . the safety of its unitized body—frame welded to body in one unit.

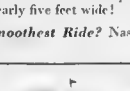
It's a *new kind of car*—with all of Nash's long-life engineering. Just a pint of gas will prove it's far ahead of the lowest-price cars you used to buy! See your dealer today—and see the amazing differences that are winning a nation to Nash!

NASH MODELS STARTING AT $720

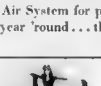
*$755 BUYS this big 6-passenger Slipstream Sedan illustrated, delivered at factory, including standard equipment and federal tax. Tire White Side Wall Tires, Weather Eye, Deluxe Bumper Guards, Two-tone Paint and Directo-matic Beds are optional equipment, at slight extra cost. Prices subject to change without notice.

Delivered at Factory

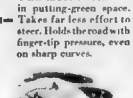
WHAT OTHER LOW-PRICE CAR BEGINS TO MATCH THIS?



Turns in a 33-foot circle—in putting-green space. Takes far less effort to steer. Holds the road with finger-tip pressure, even on sharp curves.



These Nash seats are almost as long as divans! More room—greater safety and quiet are due to Nash's exclusive welded-body-to-frame construction.



Touring "Sedan Sleeper" Bed available in every sedan. Big enough for two six-footers. Saves lodging costs and time for tourists, sportsmen, salesmen.

It goes like a flash! Pick-up of Nash's amazing Flying Scot engine is 15 to 50 MPH in 12 seconds flat, high gear alone.

Go NASH

AND SAVE MONEY EVERY MILE

DOES "SOAPING" ROB YOUR HAIR OF COLOR?

Try one Halo Shampoo—It leaves no Dulling Soap Film!

MANY [illegible] Mother Nature, when [illegible] ... Halo Shampoo can save ... Halo Shampoo ... Fair ... Brown ... Auburn ... Red ... Gray ... Blonde ... Halo Shampoo ... Good House ... Brush.

HALO SHAMPOO

(A PRODUCT OF COLGATE PALMOLIVE PEET CO.)

VITAMINS

And What They Might Do For You!

If you read about the war, the Army ... [illegible] ... you'll find ... [illegible] ... Weapons ... [illegible] ... Wheat ... [illegible] ... Vitamins ... [illegible] ... Vitamin ... [illegible] ... VITAMINS! Write for free booklet ... Dept. ... N.Y.

The Greatest Mystery in the World—YOU!

Hidden in the innermost recesses of your being is the real YOU! ... [illegible] ... YOU is the reason ... [illegible] ... Nothing ... [illegible] ... Write for free literature

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THE AMERICAN WEEKLY is the mightiest of magazines.

FATAL GIFT

(Continued from Page 13)

her rose-tinted night, at her daughter and flowing hair like a pale archangel. She spoke swiftly, spoke without any thought or forethought in a fashion nobody had ever heard before, but sweetly. ... a gush of tragic tale ... "O no, it angers me ... about Sally ... or my Mary or any of my friends. I'll go away and take them with me."

Ralph cried with stormy ... Lucy!" But the lovely apparition gave him one wild look and had its face in its hands before ... Then it stood and fled ... ordinary closing and locking ... door. They heard the key turn. A voice within cried chokingly: "They love me myself."

Jackie flashed upon her mother and stepfather one look of wild reproach, even, Linnie fancied, of disproof and running to that closed door, tapped ... and urgently.

Lucy darling, let me in! I love you as much as they do, honestly."

As the small, gemmed Petrol was admitted and the door again was closed, Linnie had a pang of loss and of diminishment. For the first time between herself and this beloved daughter a door had been closed, a barrier fixed. Who was, for that new misery, to blame?

Linnie, swiftly and fearfully switched off the current of her thought.

IV

THE voice of Henry Treyne, already almost forgotten, reached Lucy's ear.

"I was sorry," it said, and she thought it, in spite of a slight Western burr, a pleasant voice, not to come to your party. I haven't any formal evening clothes. I called on the family the next afternoon but every host one I was out. I have ... the social requirements now. Miss Grange, and may I see you alone? This afternoon perhaps?"

"Some people are coming in this evening. Young people. Informally. Can't you call then and meet Jackie and the rest?"

"I want to come in the afternoon and meet you."

"Very well, then. Dr. Treyne. But no analysis, please."

"Not so much as one hypnotic glance. At four-thirty sharp."

She came down when, at four-thirty sharp, his arrival was announced.

Let's don't sit here on chairs glaring at each other," said Henry, looking very neat in summer flannels and a blue chambray shirt. "Come out with me for a run. It's nice along the river. I know a lane and a view."

Lucy, glad to escape from a disturbed household, remembered only as they were entering the lane what a bad driver the young man was. She tried not to notice the uncertainties of his career. It wasn't that he took his eyes from the road to look at his companion. From the time they left Highover, he had not once glanced in her direction. This was an discouraging to Lucy as a tired sitter might have been to any other girl.

"I Know the Reason Aunt Lu Can't Sleep, Dr. Treyne," Said Lucy. "But Part of It Is a Very Serious Matter. Are You Close-Mouthed?"

She was, it appeared, expected by Henry Treyne to entertain his car rather than his eye. For a while she did not realize this terrifying predicament. She sat, entirely serene and silent, beside him, her long rose-brown hands, cool on the warm June day, lying motionless on her colored silk lap, her eyes gazing at what horizons they chose to select from the world without her or the world within. She was all brown and rose and amber, from gold bronze hair to rose brown feet in ivory-colored sandals.

"Well," said Henry, making that too wide turn to enter the too narrow lane, "are you going to amuse a tired business man? I thought that was one of the duties of a hostess. You really are my hostess this afternoon, you know."

"Me? Amuse? You?"

"In that order. And it couldn't be more tersely and completely expressed."

"But ... why I mean ... exactly, Dr. Treyne?"

"Because I work hard for what I don't get ... a living. Whereas you work not at all for what you do get but spend your days and nights assembling opinions, ideas, observations and philosophies.

"Therefore, you are eminently fitted to inspire, instruct, inform, entertain and illuminate any male specialist whose design in becoming a specialist is partly that some day, if he is lucky enough, he may be able to support some such dilettante in his own home, in that sort of inspiring idleness."

"WHAT a disagreeable picture! And so untrue," Lucy's dreaming brain made an effort, surprising to herself. "A woman may be idle until she is married. I sometimes think she ought to be just to gather a reservoir of endurance. After marriage I don't think she has any time for consecutive thought."

Lucy did not know that she had come to a decision about these matters. "All she has to have is distributive attention ... Babies and keeping house and being fresh and jolly in the evening, and a good bridge game and Current Events classes so that she'll keep mentally abreast of her mate. At least that's the advice you get.'

"Is that the way of it? And is your life a preparation for that career?"

"But I don't believe I shall ever marry," said Lucy, and knew ... again for the first time ... she said it that this was her resigned belief.

"Why not?"

"I can't imagine that any man I would care for as a husband would care for me."

"How very sad. What sort of a man is this improbable he?"

"You mean ... what sort of man would I care for that wouldn't care for me? Well, I'm not so very bright and ... and ... I am what you might call an obvious type..." (Here Henry said something under his breath to which she gave no heed.) "A rather dumb man who wasn't at all sophisticated would be my most likely chance. But I ... O, I want a simply wonderful man. Clever. Ambitious. Handsome. Tall. Dashing ... with that look of being ready for anything in the way of adventure..."

"And all you think about, then, is this wonderful male and how he will turn up his nose at your stupidity and obviousness so that you will go to your grave singing, 'Willow ... tit-willow...'

'Gracious, no. I never thought about him until this second."

"I believe you. And what's more, I don't believe you will think about anything until or unless you are forced to exert yourself sufficiently to express an idea or an opinion. You have what, I think, a naturalist would call too perfect a protective coloring. The feathers or the petals, in your case, have been more important than the song or the claw."

LUCY turned her beautiful open look, seraphic enough to light the way to the gates of Heaven, upon his blunt, sardonic profile.

"You are making fun of me, aren't you?"

"Only," said Henry, flushing in his turn, "to stimulate your adrenal glands. I need your help and I want you to be wide awake and not drifting in a sort of rosy haze. I want advice."

"I'm terribly flattered, Dr. Treyne. People don't ever ask me to help them. They always seem to think that I'm the one to be helped."

She laughed a little, one of those unexpected flashes of ironic humor coming to her mind. "I feel sometimes that if there was a fire and someone just happened to see me, I'd be carried out like a Family Piece or some Parlor Ornament.'

"Ah," cried Henry, "you are a very clever girl. You have a gift of observation and a genius for symbolism."

Lucy looked quickly and suspiciously at him, but he seemed very serious. Her voice came near to shaking when she said, "I'd love to help you if I can."

'Wait. Here we run up this little gully..."

It was rather a series of buck jumps than a run, but they finally reached the top.

Here," said Henry, "is the view. Want to get out and sit on a log? We can be looking at the view while I consult you."

"I'd love to get out," Lucy said shakily, "I'd so much rather look at the view than be a sudden violent part of it."

Henry did not seem to take in this reproach. He sat on the log and Lucy sat beside him.

I have a patient," he announced.

A patient? O, I'm glad. It's a start, isn't it?"

'She gave ME one! I need your help in my diagnosis of her condition, which baffles me?"

'A young woman?"

"No, an elderly one. She came to me on Wednesday, three days after your party. When she was announced, I thought it was you and my heart ... She had your name. Miss Lucy Grange."

Lucy turned her amazed eyes from the view. "Aunt Lu!"

"Yes, Your Aunt Lu!"

"But Dr. Trent's her doctor."

"So your other aunt, Miss Judith, explicitly informed me. But Dr. Trent is not a nerve specialist. Miss Lu furthermore explained that she did not want her sister to know that she had visited any doctor at all. Her visit to me was strictly confidential. I am, therefore, now sinning against her trust in me.

"I wrestled with my scruple for several days, then I decided first: that you were one of the few people who truly care for my patient and, second, one of the fewer who might be trusted to keep this sort of information to yourself.

"I think it is vitally important for the poor lady that I should find out all I can about her, get on the wrong side of her lifetapestry. You seemed to be the best available source. She idolizes you."

"I HAVEN'T seen her for days," wailed Lucy in remorse, "and she's been sick."

"She came to me because she hadn't slept a wink for four whole days and nights. That complaint has always to be taken with a grain of salt, but she was in pretty bad shape nervously, nor could I discover, from her confused account of her symptoms, any reason for this collapse."

"O, I know the reason Aunt Lu can't sleep, Dr. Treyne. Poor auntyl' she hasn't been so selfish ... staying away from her as though it was her fault, as though she wouldn't rather cut off her right hand than see me lose so much as a glass bead..."

"Can you tell me?"

"Perhaps. But part of it is a very serious matter and must be kept entirely secret. Are you close-mouthed?"

"I am close-mouthed. All doctors must be. You will have to decide for yourself as to any risk involved. My own breach of confidence was quite deliberate, the first necessary step to be taken, I considered, for the benefit of a particularly difficult patient."

"I understand that. It was on Saturday night, wasn't it, that she began to lie awake?"

"Yes."

"That was the night of my party for Jackie Seymour."

"Yes."

"Then Aunt Lu is sick and sleepless and secretive because of all this wretched business of ... the Grange pearls."

"Pearls? Now you have got me rolling 'round."

"You didn't read about it in the papers?"

"No."

Lucy told him of her Aunt Judith's punishment. "... And the whole room heard what she said and saw what she did, guests, waiters, musicians, servants ... so, naturally, it was in the newspapers. But ... and now I come to the very secret part ... Nobody knows, not one living soul but me and Jackie and Linnie and Dad ... of course the detectives ..."

"You mean?"

"The pearls have vanished. Since Sunday afternoon, Jackie before lunch, put them into her purse in the top bureau drawer, and I want you to be wide awake and not drifting in a sort of rosy haze. I want advice."

"I'm terribly flattered, Dr. Treyne. People don't ever ask me to help them. They always seem to think that I'm the one to be helped."

She laughed a little, one of those unexpected flashes of ironic humor coming to her mind. "I feel sometimes that if there was

The events and characters depicted in this serial are fictitious and any apparent similarity to actual persons living or dead is merely a coincidence.

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Dry Skin doesn't tempt Kisses; try this new "One-Jar" Beauty Treatment for Smooth Skin

OH, YES, you have time, now, to give your complexion complete, exquisite care every day! Just one cream is all you need this new Jergens Face Cream!

It does so much for you this one lovely new cream. Just see for yourself! Jergens Face Cream:

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Please rush my free sample of the new Jergens Face Cream

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from unnecessary periodic pain

KURBS are made especially to combat menstrual discomfort

WHY SUFFER from cramps, headache or backache every month? Menstruation is natural, but menstrual pain is totally unnecessary ... yet it puts nerves on edge, makes you look old before your time!

TRY KURB TABLETS ... a Kotex® product. If you have no organic trouble requiring medical or surgical treatment, Kurb should be *a welcome help to you!*

SEE HOW Kurbs can help you! As evidence of safety, the formula is printed on the box, so you may check it with your own doctor. Only 25¢ for 12.

For free booklet on menstruation — write to KURB, Room 1513, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago.

Kurb TABLETS

for women's trying days

25¢

Your Daughter Has a Right to Know

It is every mother's duty to tell her daughter physical facts. How much better that she learn them from you, rather than from girls her own age. In feminine hygiene, facts may be distorted, or wholly untrue. Result, many brides use douches of over-strong solutions of acids which can actually burn or scar delicate tissues. Today, there is no need to use such deadly solutions. Science has given us Zonite. Non-poisonous, non-caustic, yet kills germs, bacteria on contact. Actually destroys undesirable odors. Protects personal dalntiness. Most important, safe for delicate tissues. Over 20,000,000 bottles already bought. *Free Book Tells Intimate Facts.* Guide your daughter this frankly written booklet, "Feminine Hygiene Today," which you can get FREE, sent to you postpaid in plain wrapper. Send name and address to Zonite Products Corporation, Dept. 30BA, 370 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.

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No longer does the wearer of a loose dental plate have to endure the discomfort and embarrassment it causes. FASTEETH, an **alkaline** (non-acid) denture powder, sprinkled on upper or lower plates holds them firmer and makes them feel more comfortable. No gooey, pasty taste or feeling. Being **alkaline**, FASTEETH relieves gum irritation due to chafing of a wabbly plate or to excessive acid mouth. Get original, **alkaline** FASTEETH at your druggist. Accept no substitute.

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Stop suffering! If you have painful bunions, enlarged or tender joints, you'll get quick relief with the **New Super-Soft Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads.** Feel the world of difference these thin, soft, soothing, cushioning pads make ... how much they lift shoe pressure off the sensitive spot. New sh-design 610% softer than before. Do not come off in bath. More economical! Cost but a trifle. Sold everywhere. Insist on the genuine Dr. Scholl's!

NEW Super-Soft Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

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BLOTCHES

(EXTERNALLY CAUSED)

Don't waste time wondering what to do. Use reliable, mildly medicated Cuticura. Cuticura Ointment helps relieve unsightly blackheads and red, externally caused pimples. Cuticura Soap lathers away coarsening impurities, helps keep your skin smooth and soft. Buy Cuticura Soap and Ointment at any drug counter. For FREE sample, write Cuticura, Dept. 56, Malden, Mass.

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THE greatest book of knowledge in the world is a scrapbook containing the Biblical, scientific, art, hygienic and domestic science articles and illustrations published regularly in this and other issues of THE AMERICAN WEEKLY. Why not start one for home and school use?

GIVING BEAUTY A HAND

Science Has Improved on the Ancient Oriental Back Scratcher by Making It Into a Gracefully Sculptured Bar of Sweet-Smelling Soap

The Helping Hand Saves a Lot of Reaching and stretching, and Is Just the Thing to Bring Relief to an Itchy Instep.

FOR centuries the smart and philosophical Chinese have covered the backs of their backs with little bone and ivory hands fastened to the ends of long thin sticks. These back-scratchers have been turned out by the million, and have been shipped to every civilized country in the world—where they have been greatly appreciated in times of need.

Like so many of the ingenious gadgets turned out by the clever Orientals long before the coming of the Machine Age, this handy little gimcrack has been improved upon by modern science as the photographs above and below fetchingly show.

The ultra-modern version of the old Chinese back-scratcher is considerably more than something to cure an itchy feeling between the shoulder blades. It is a beautifully and accurately designed human hand fashioned of sweet smelling bath soap.

Thanks to its long, wooden handle, the user of this contraption can reach any part of her back and produce plenty of fragrant and cleansing lather while she scratches herself with the portable hand.

As the photograph at the top of the page very interestingly shows, the twentieth century version of the ancient Chinese device also saves a great deal of reaching and stretching at bath time. The user can sit comfortably in or on the tub and lather her feet with a minimum of reaching and bending.

Soap sculptured in this unusual manner may seem to be a gift on the basis of looks. But it has its advantages. For one thing, the "hand" cake is very easy to hang on to, because the bather never actually handles the cake but does all her work lightly gripping a wooden stick which never gets slippery.

Another advantage of soap in this shape according to the makers of the handy bar, is that it massages while it cleans because the fingertips stimulate the skin.

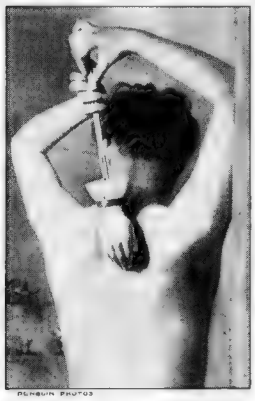
The original model for the miniature hand must have been sculptured by a real artist because it is apparent even to people who have no knowledge of three-dimension art that the working end of the new-day version of the back-scratcher is a masterful job of sculpturing. The hand is artistic enough to be used as a living-room ornament.

Accent your charm!
PARK & TILFORD
Lipstick & Rouge
A NEW YOU!—when you use Park & Tilford Lipsticks and Rouges. You'll love the way they go on and stay on. And their fashion-smart colors do exciting things to your beauty! $1.00, 25¢ and 10¢ sizes at Drug, Dept. and 10¢ Stores.
Smart women also use Park & Tilford PERFUMES, FACE POWDER & PERFUMED DEODORANT
FIRST IN QUALITY FOR 100 YEARS

ARE YOU A GOOD COOK?

Have you found some novel way to pull a meal out of the doldrums with a recipe that adds zest to an ordinary dish?

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY pays $5 for each recipe selected and used in the "Housewife's Food Almanack"—the unusual feature on the second from the last page of this and every issue. Turn your experience in cookery into profit!



Washing Between the Shoulder Blades Is a Chore That Millions of Americans Can't Manage Without Outside Assistance—But the Trick Is Done Very Easily—and Prettily—With the Soapy Little Hand.

ACME PHOTOS

Trying to Civilize the Dog That Grew Up With Coyotes

A DOG who from puppyhood has run wild with a pack of savage coyotes on the Western plains near Denver, Colorado, until he was as savage as they are, was captured recently and is being civilized. His new owner has named the dog "Burly" and is gradually accustoming the animal to a life with human beings. The animal seems to be responding but it still refuses to eat anything but lamb or mutton.

Burly's appetite for sheep developed when he led a band of marauding coyotes over many miles of Colorado's plains raiding ranchers' sheep pens and often feasting upon fowl captured from chicken houses.

After outwitting several hundred hunters and their hounds on two mammoth attempts to round him up, Burly was captured and turned over to C. E. Faubel, Denver dog educator, who plans to make the captured animal into a performing dog as a demonstration in a "Kindness to Animals" program for school children.

Faubel admits it will be a tough process and a slow one. But he is confident that the dog will respond in time to kindness and patience and become almost as docile as one who has always had a good home.

One strange thing about the dog is that he never has learned to bark. But he does give out howls that are bloodcurdling and sound a lot like the weird wailings of the Rocky Mountain timber wolves. Faubel says he will encourage this howl—but only after he has taught Burly to give it on command. He hopes to teach the dog a whole repertoire of tricks.

Burly refuses choice steer bones, turns up his nose at horse meat—a common dog delicacy—and won't have anything to do with tinned dog foods.

The animal shows a fondness for mutton stew as well as for raw meat, so Faubel who wants Burly to have a balanced diet camouflages a prepared dog food by mixing it with lamb broth.

At first Burly refused to drink. But Faubel won him over by giving him water that had frozen at the top. Whenever Burly is able to break the ice he drinks the water, but no ice, no water.

"Kindness gets results—that's what I'm trying to get across," he explained. "If I show people what can be done with a 'mean' dog, then perhaps they'll have more patience with their own dogs."

So far Burly hasn't made any friends. He lunges at all animals—dogs, cats or cattle. Faubel, who house-broke him in three nights, is the only person who handles him. Even he is cautious and says it would be dangerous for anyone else to attempt to touch or pet the wild dog.

Faubel intends to train Burly to become part of an act with Faubel's two 150-pound St. Bernards, Lady and Sandy. Burly, a 75-pound animal that looks like a German police dog, so far has shown only hatred for them. He lays back his ears, shows his teeth and glares fiercely at them whenever the bigger dogs appear.

Faubel is building a duplex kennel for the trio. Burly will live in one side and Lady and Sandy in the other. A wire screen will divide the house. Whenever the three dogs become accustomed to one another the wire screen will be removed.

"If I put them together now Burly would take a chunk out of Sandy's ear and Lady would never stand for that. We'd have a real dog fight—and Burly would be upset and I'd never be able to teach him," Faubel says.

IMPROVE YOUR IRONING

SO EASY NOW TO IRON BEAUTIFULLY, SPEEDILY, HAPPILY... READ AND LEARN

IT'S POWDER. A complete, ready-made starching and ironing powder

I KNEW THAT MOTHER AND GRANDMOTHER USED IT FOR THEIR COLD STARCHING BUT I NEVER DREAMED THAT MORE THAN A MILLION WOMEN HAVE FOUND IT THE EASIEST WAY IN THE WORLD TO DO HOT STARCHING. MY IRONINGS ARE LOVELY NOW.

WONDERFUL HOT STARCHING INVENTION (*Not just a starch*) PREPARES, "READIES" YOUR STARCHABLES PERFECTLY FOR QUICK, EASY IRONING Prepared almost instantly. No boiling. Just add water.

Come, step into a world of freedom from common ironing difficulties. Without adding a cent to your present laundering costs.

Here is a way of hot starching that "readies" your things perfectly for wonderful ironing. Use it on your next basket of freshly washed things and you'll do a new kind of ironing . . . a thrilling, light-hearted, carefree ironing. An ironing in which your iron fairly glides over the clothes. Wrinkles disappear. Fabrics perk up . . . they look and feel new. No sticking. No scorching. And, oh, the beauty of your finished pieces.

Quick Elastic is entirely different. It's a complete powdered hot starching mixture. Not just a starch. Contains starch . . . yes . . . but also other extra ingredients which add magic to your ironing and which enable you to get hot starch in less than a minute. Its preparation and use are simple. Cream a little in cool water . . . then add good hot water . . . and you get a perfect hot starching liquid. Nothing else to add . . . just water. No boiling. No stove-cooking. No scum or lumps. No need for straining.

Learn to do such lovely, swift, happy ironing. And to make hot starch without unpleasant stove-cooking or boiling. Know the advantages familiar to a million or more women who regularly do Quick Elastic Hot Starching. Buy a package tomorrow. Improve your ironing.

"I CAN MAKE YOU HAPPY"

Try— QUICK ELASTIC HOT STARCHING Tomorrow

QUICK ELASTIC HOT STARCH IN 30 SECONDS

10¢

Quick Elastic Hot Starching offers you other advantages worth knowing. It penetrates. Goes into and through fabrics . . . not just "on." Gives them a dressing like they had when they were new. Lends a delicate fragrance to all your ironings. Protects things from dirt. Naturally they tend to wear longer because at the touch of water it "lets go", flushes away instantly, carrying the dirt with it. Your things need less harsh washing. Use Quick Elastic Hot Starching for everything on which you use hot starch.

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THEY SAY..

"IN THE FIRST PLACE YOU DON'T HAVE TO STAND AT THE STOVE AND STIR FOR FIVE OR TEN MINUTES."

"I FOUND IT TOOK LESS FOR MY FAMILY WASH."

"THIS WAY YOU MAKE JUST WHAT YOU NEED AND NO MORE."

"IT GIVES CLOTHES A SOFTNESS NO OTHER STARCH I HAVE TRIED DOES."

UNDERSTAND WHY WE PUT UP WITH THE OLD FORM SO LONG."

MAKES IRONING EASY

AT ANY OF 200,000 GROCERY STORES

GET THE Buttercup Yellow PACKAGE

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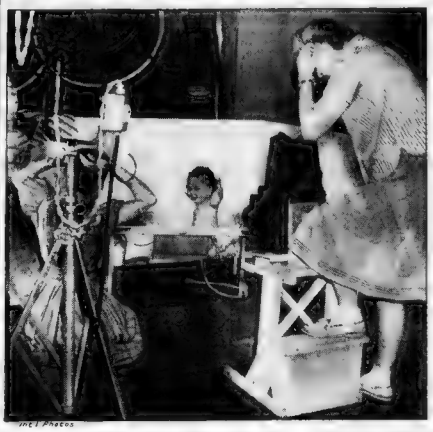
BABIES EVERYBODY KNOWS

They Are the Juvenile Stars of the Advertising World—And They Have a Brand of Temperament All Their Own

This Little Tow-Head Was a Good Performer and Started "Reaching for the Moon" After a Few Minutes' Work Before the Camera.



INT'L PHOTOS

Few Readers of Magazines Who Looked at a Cute Picture of a Youngster in a Bathtub Had Any Idea That the Job Required So Many Props and So Much "Coaching" on the Part of the Photographers to Get the Seemingly Natural Pose on Film.

A MONG [illegible] who pose for [illegible] papers and magazines [illegible] the [illegible] of advertising. [illegible] who [illegible] to [illegible] or [illegible] the advertising pages of magazines and newspapers [illegible] direct-mail cards and billboards.

[illegible] millions of people [illegible] these kids even though they haven't the slightest idea [illegible] are or where they live. The public knows that they are cute youngsters but few people have any part of what it takes to get these young actors to perform as the dental stars of the advertising world to register whatever emotion they are supposed to register to sell a thousand and one things ranging from talcum powder to life insurance.

One of the country's leading baby photographers is Ruth Alexander Nichols, of Westfield, New Jersey. Mrs. Nichols has a way with models who are much too young to be camera-wise and can get any kind of baby picture that may be demanded of her.

One of the photographs on this page is a behind-the-scenes shot of Mrs. Nichols and her assistant Mrs. Bro, directing one of their youngest and cutest models. With as much impedimentia as is found in a Hollywood movie studio, the photographers are going through the necessary antics to inspire the baby in the bathtub to raise its arms over its head.

Sometimes, if a youngster is in the mood, it may take only a few minutes to catch such a pose. At other times it may take hours, a lot of patience and a great deal of ingenuity to induce the little star to "do his stuff."

It is one thing for a photographer to snap pictures of pretty young women in their teens or their early 20's making their teeth sparkle with some toothpaste, or showing off the new Spring fashions. It is something else again to get a year-old youngster to give out with a toothless grin, show its dimples pout, or break out with an all-out yell and just the right gestures.

But there are tricks to every trade and when Mrs. Nichols is trying to get one of her young models in a cheerful mood she carefully takes pictures of any frowns or spells of crying that precede the pose she wants.

The baby in the photograph at the upper left was in an especially cooperative mood when this picture was taken and, in the first few minutes of posing, he "reached for the moon" just as he was supposed to do.

Fish That Bite on Rubber Pants

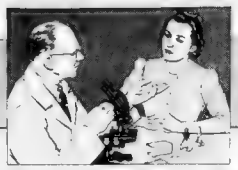
MRS. L. J. COUSINS, of Maine, has just received a note from her brother, Arthur L. Drake, of Dallas, Texas, which reads: "Coming again this early Summer for another try at Mesalonskee's fine bass. Bringing another section of Snootie's Pants."

Mrs. Cousins has a Summer camp at Monmouth on Lake Mesalonskee. Last Summer her brother enjoyed some fine bass fishing at the lake. But when he arrived he was told that nobody could find a bait that the fish would bite. Undaunted, Mr. Drake went out on the lake and returned with a nice string of bass weighing from one to two pounds each.

"The men-folks wanted to know what I used for bait and my reply was 'Snootie's Pants,'" said Mr. Drake. "I have a boat at home and its name is Snootie. And that's the name my married daughter gave her son when he was little. One day she accidentally tore the seat out of a pair of red rubber rompers Snootie wore. This naturally ruined them for the purpose for which they were intended.

"However, they were not a total loss. I was looking forward to a fishing season in Maine. I knew the peculiarities of black bass, so I cut what was left into narrow strips and put them away in my bait box.

"And when those bass would not consider a nice fat worm or fly they would snap like mad at those pieces of Snootie's Pants. Whether it was their color or not I don't know. But I caught a lot of fish with those rubber strips and I'm going to try them again this Summer."



IF YOU COULD SEE GERMS as the microscope "sees" them you'd realize the value of CLOROX-CLEANLINESS!

THE MICROSCOPE reveals that many a so-called "clean" surface is infested with invisible germ dangers, indicating the vital importance of hygienic cleanliness . . . the type of cleanliness so easily and economically provided by Clorox. Ultra-refined Clorox has intensified disinfecting efficiency in laundering and routine household cleansing. Clorox also gently bleaches white cottons and linens snowy-white (brightens fast colors), removes numerous stains . . . and Clorox is free from caustic and other harsh substances which are damaging to fabrics. Make Clorox cleansing a regular health habit in your home . . . simply follow directions on the label.

"When it's CLOROX-CLEAN it's hygienically clean!"

AMERICA'S FAVORITE BLEACH AND HOUSEHOLD DISINFECTANT

Ultra-refined CLOROX

FREE FROM CAUSTIC

- BLEACHES - DEODORIZES - DISINFECTS
REMOVES NUMEROUS STAINS
...Even Scorch, Mildew

Does Your Cooking Make a Hit?

HAVE you some special way of cooking or baking that makes certain dishes tastier and really delicious? THE AMERICAN WEEKLY will pay $5 for each recipe sent in by readers and used in the "Housewife's Food Almanack"—the unusual feature on the second from the last page of this and every issue.

Read the easy-to-follow rules on that page!

Don't just "deaden" a HEADACHE!

READ WHAT THESE 3 GENERATIONS SAY:

For 50 years, millions have taken this remedy with confidence

● Take a tip on headaches from this healthy family. George Edward French, of Bethel, Conn. (left), for 3 generations our family has used Bromo-Seltzer. My father, who is now 84, has taken it for headaches as long as I can remember, and my son says nothing else gives him such satisfactory relief. I myself reach for Bromo-Seltzer whenever I get a headache because I know it not only gives quick relief, but also calms my nerves and helps settle the upset stomach that usually goes with a headache."

For more than 50 years millions have depended on Bromo-Seltzer for ordinary headaches. Because, unlike many single-acting pain deadeners, Bromo-Seltzer gives 3 ways relief. It not only helps STOP THE PAIN, but also CALM THE NERVES and SETTLE THE STOMACH.

Don't be satisfied with a remedy that may do only one part of the job! Next time you get a headache, try Bromo-Seltzer."

Listen to Ben Bernie Friday Nights

BROMO-SELTZER

*Just use as directed on the label. For persistent or recurring headaches, see your doctor.

A Sensible Treatment for Corns

A corn is a mass of dead cells that forms a hard pressure on sensitive nerves (1)
Pr-radic helps soften the pressure. Allows corn to loosen (2)
In a few days corn loosens and is lifted right out (3)

Sensible people get quick relief this easy way

DON'T suffer from painful corns. Don't put up with home paring that simply removes the top of the corn. Here's an easy-to-use, sensible treatment that has helped millions.

Here's how: First, the soft felt pad lifts off pressure to help relieve pain. Then the Blue-Jay medication gently loosens the corn so in a few days it may be lifted out, *including the pain-producing "core"!* (Stubborn cases may require more than one application.)

End needless suffering from corns. Blue-Jay costs very little—only a few cents to treat each corn—at all drug counters.

BAUER & BLACK BLUE-JAY CORN PLASTERS

SHE'S FAMOUS— SHE'S BEAUTIFUL

Popular Girls Everywhere take her tip... It's as simple as 1

A SCREEN STAR NEVER TAKES CHANCES WITH COMPLEXION BEAUTY! I NEVER NEGLECT MY DAILY LUX SOAP ACTIVE-LATHER FACIAL
THESE LUX SOAP FACIALS HELP SKIN STAY LOVELY! PAT THE LATHER LIGHTLY INTO YOUR SKIN
2
RINSE WITH WARM WATER, THEN A DASH OF COOL
3
PAT YOUR SKIN DRY NOW IT FEELS SMOOTHER, SOFTER LOVELY SKIN WINS ROMANCE!
STAR OF RKO'S MR. & MRS. SMITH
LUX TOILET SOAP

CAROLE LOMBARD

This lovely Hollywood favorite shows you how you can give your skin screen star care right in your own home! Lux Toilet Soap's ACTIVE lather removes dust, dirt, stale cosmetics—gives skin gentle, thorough care it needs. Why don't YOU try ACTIVE-LATHER FACIALS for 30 days!

● OUT OF 10 SCREEN STARS USE LUX TOILET SOAP

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Making Your House Costs Fit Your Budget

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

EARLY Summer is the peak season for every realtor, since the desire to possess "a home of one's own" seems definitely to parallel that age-old nesting instinct. Hence, every white Colonial cottage or red brick Georgian dwelling in a real estate development catches the couple who see in it, or its duplicate, the "home of their dreams."

But the reality of buying a house is very un-dream-like!

In the first place, a clear distinction must be grasped between "buying a house" and "living in a house." For example, let us assume that in this development are two houses which from outward appearance seem identical: they are the same size, have the same number of rooms, the same area plot of land, etc.

But—whereas House A may be less expensive to buy, House B may be more expensive to live in. Every prospective home-owner should understand the vast difference involved between these two statements.

When the couple stands before the gate or door of a new dwelling which bears the sign FOR SALE, exactly what does this mean to them? First, there is the land, the lot, or actual ground on which the house is built; second, there is the structure or physical mass of the house or shelter, so that the expression "house and lot for sale," with an accompanying purchase price, has become an accepted picture of what constitutes the cost of a real home.

But far from it—there is a third, if hidden factor in the whole story of the home, and that is the sum of its operating costs.

Thus, for a house to be lived in, it must be heated; must be wired and lighted; must have a supply of hot water; must have storage space; must have facilities for garbage-disposal; for cooking, for dish-washing, for food-protection, and for laundry. In short, in buying a house we cannot estimate only the cost of the lot, plus the cost of the structure or house—we must go a step further and estimate (and include) the cost of operating the house, or living in it.

Now, what is this cost of living, and how is it affected by better equipment, better installation, and other factors?

The cost of heating depends on such flexible factors as location, quality or absence of good insulation, type of fuel, the efficiency of the heating plant, etc. On a basis of operating costs alone, it is the efficiency of the heating furnace itself which must be considered, for some furnaces are as much as 50 per cent more efficient than others using the same type of fuel.

Naturally, a better-designed-and-manufactured furnace, which will furnish maximum heat with precision and cleanliness, is a better choice than a cheaper furnace, which will not guarantee such results.

Wiring and lighting are the next "hidden values" in the cost of living, for obviously much of the convenience and comfort in living in the house depends on this item. The importance of an adequate house-wiring system was recently indicated by a survey among 15,000 customers of a big utility company.

It was found out that "insufficient electrical outlets" was the pet peeve of these home-owners ("not enough closet space" being another). Obviously, the best time to put in enough wiring and the right quality of wiring, is when the house is being built, not afterwards.

In this connection, it is worth noting that wiring may have a great effect on operating costs for one or both of two reasons: (1) The wire used may be of too small a diameter (insufficient copper); or, (2) There may be an insufficient number of outlets.

Technically, a system which employs wire of too small diameter results in what is known as "voltage-drop" between the point where the current enters the house and the point at which it is used. This means electrical equipment operates at under-voltage, which in turn means that it costs more to make every slice of toast, wash every pair of pajamas, and that it requires more bulbs to light a room at a given degree of lighting.

Insufficient number of outlets means inconvenience to the home-maker, or hazards from unsightly temporary extension wiring. It's worth while knowing, therefore, that at the time a house is built, from three to eight additional outlets can be installed for the cost of adding only one outlet—after the house is built.

Food-protection and food-preparation depend on refrigerator and kitchen range. Here, again, operating costs may vary widely, and it is only practical common sense to instal those types which afford convenience, food-saving and cleanliness. It is here the home buyer must decide whether to use electricity for cooking or gas or coal, depending on location, and local costs and conditions.

Booklets are available on all three methods. It has been figured that the typical family of 4 persons using electricity for cooking averages between 80 to 87 KWH per month at a rate of 3 cents per KWH. At that rate an estimated 80 KWH will make

a monthly bill of $2.40 for cooking only. Other fuels can then be contrasted with this in cost, and a choice made most economical for the consumer's household pocketbook.

Hot water may be said to be one factor in operating costs which is scarcely ever considered in buying a house. Yet the most important single utility in any house is water, while an adequate supply of constantly available hot water is an essential for a high standard of cleanliness, grooming and good living. Not only hot water for kitchen uses and dishwashing, but for bathing, and for laundry purposes, must be recognized and the costs counted in any final sum of living expense.

There are many styles and types of water heaters, from the pea-coal, or what is called a "jack-pot" heater, using a scuttle a day of coal, to electric water heaters, or the use of the furnace coils for heating water. Each type has its special advantages, but the thing to do is to consider each, and count the cost, before moving into the new house.

Again, the type of wiring system and the number and location of electric outlets affects the use and convenience of a host of minor appliances such as clocks, electric fan, small table cooking devices, laundry-washer and ironer. A failure which many houses could have installed with profit is a built-in kitchen ventilating fan to remove cooking odors both quickly and quietly. Its first cost of $35 should be estimated on a long-term investment basis and its small monthly operating cost of around 10 cents monthly. An accurate dependable electric clock for the kitchen will run into about 7 cents monthly operating costs.

At this point some husband or man may say, "What about taxes, and fire insurance, and maintenance and depreciation of this house?" This is a big problem, and the writer, for one, is always ready to leave figures and estimates to the men.

In our imaginary two houses, however, completeness and high quality of interior equipment, as just discussed, would not affect appraisal for tax purposes. Nor would fire insurance be affected; nor would maintenance, or depreciation of the house structure itself be altered by having good interior equipment for better living. For those who enjoy figures, it may be added here that:

(Monthly)

Taxes, based on 1938 adjusted rates in 274 key cities, would average for a $4800 house and lot ($800 for the lot, and $4000 for the house)...$11.19

Fire Insurance, based on national average rate of $2.50 per $1000 of house valuation per year, would run, on above house and lot, about.... .83

Depreciation and **Maintenance** may be taken as 1 or 2 per cent of house valuation per year. Excluding the equipment as well as the $800 assumed as valuation of the lot, the depreciation and maintenance charges would be 3.33

Finally, while the cost of lot and house in each case is the same, the final cost must include monthly operating costs. Two houses may look alike on the outside, but every prospective buyer must decide, how do they compare when it comes to living on the inside? More and more frequently we hear expressions of how good equipment and high-grade appliances lessen drudgery, save the housewife's time and [illegible] comfort.

RECIPES FROM OUR MENUS

Veal Chops Savory.

CUT 6 loin veal chops ¾ inch thick. Sprinkle with salt and ¼ teaspoon red pepper. Dredge in 3 tablespoons flour, seasoned with ½ teaspoon thyme. Rub skillet with cut clove of garlic. Add 3 tablespoons lard, butter or drippings and brown the chops in the fat. Cut 1 lemon into 6 crosswise slices and place a slice on each chop. Add ½ cup water, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce and a bit of bay leaf. Cover closely and simmer ½ hour.

Old-Fashioned Kidney Rolls (By Request).

REMOVE all fat from 1 pound lamb or beef kidneys. Split kidney in half and discard the hard white portion in the center. Cut the kidneys into 1-inch cubes. Wash carefully. Simmer in water to cover until tender. The lamb kidneys will cook in about ½ hour. The beef kidneys will require about 1 hour. Drain. Cover each piece of kidney with ¼-inch coating of bread dressing and wrap with a thin slice of bacon. Fasten securely with a wooden toothpick. Place in baking pan and bake in a moderately hot oven, or at about 375 degrees, for 30 minutes, or until brown and bacon is crisp. To make the **Bread Dressing:** Mix 3 cups fresh bread-crumbs, 4 tablespoons grated onion, 2 tablespoons minced parsley, ½ tablespoon salt, a few grains pepper, 2 beaten eggs and water or well-seasoned stock to moisten. The dressing should be just moist enough to hold together nicely.

Stuffed Cushion of Spring Lamb With Celery Dressing.

SELECT a cushion-style lamb roast cut from the shoulder with the bones removed, forming a pocket for the dressing. Season inside-and-out with salt and pepper. Fill loosely with celery dressing. Sew or skewer the opening. Place on rack in an uncovered pan, fat-side-up, and roast, without water, in a moderate oven, or at about 300 degrees, allowing 25 to 30 minutes per pound. To make the **Celery Dressing:** Cook 1 cup minced celery, 1 tablespoon minced onion and 1 tablespoon minced parsley in 1 tablespoon butter for a few minutes. Add 2½ cups bread-crumbs, ½ teaspoon marjoram, ½ teaspoon celery seed, ½ teaspoon salt and a few grains pepper. Moisten with water or soup stock to make a slightly moist dressing.

Potroast of Beef, Cape Cod Style.

BROWN 4 or 5 pounds beef chuck roll in 4 tablespoons drippings or lard. Drain liquid from 1 small bottle horseradish and pour horseradish over meat. Season to taste with salt and pepper, cover closely and cook slowly until very tender, allowing about 45 minutes per pound. Add a little water from time-to-time if the fat becomes too brown.

Broiled Porterhouse Steak (Meat Market Style).

HAVE steak cut about 1 or 2 inches thick. Place steak on center of broiler-rack and place in broiler with 2 inches between surface of meat and source of heat for a 1-inch steak; allow 2 inches between source of heat and a 2-inch steak. When steak is nicely browned on one side, it will be about half done. Season, turn and brown on other side, only one turning necessary. Allow 25 to 40 minutes for a 2-inch steak to be medium-done.

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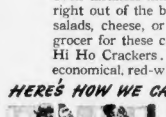
HERE'S YOUR CHANCE TO GIVE YOUR FAMILY A NEW TREAT!

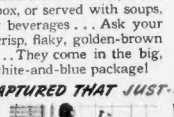
Flavor . . . appetizing flavor! That's what you *want* in a cracker! Well, that's just what you *get* in Sunshine Hi Ho Crackers. Hi Ho is not just another cracker—it's a *better* cracker, with a flavor that tops anything you've tried before.

That tempting, buttery, just-out-of-the-oven tastiness makes them delicious, either right out of the box, or served with soups, salads, cheese, or beverages . . . Ask your grocer for these crisp, flaky, golden-brown Hi Ho Crackers . . . They come in the big, economical, red-white-and-blue package!

HERE'S HOW WE CAPTURED THAT JUST-OUT-OF-THE-OVEN FLAVOR!



WE STUDIED TASTE PREFERENCES by asking hundreds of people which flavor they liked best.



WE MADE DOZENS OF TESTS to determine the formula that would give the exact results.

WE BUILT THE LARGEST AND LONGEST OVEN IN THE WORLD —over 2 city blocks long!—so that Hi Ho Crackers would be scientifically baked to a rich, golden bloom.

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Greatest Circulation in the World

HOUSEWIFE'S FOOD ALMANACK

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Sunbrite Cleanser — Sunbrite The Safe Speedy Cleanser

SPEAKING of CROQUETTES...

PROPERLY made, croquettes not only are attractive and appetising menus of using leftovers, but lots of folks are genuinely fond of them as the main course at suppers or "snack" luncheons. In addition to the ever popular chicken croquettes, here are other types of prize winning croquette recipes that are well worth trying. The Editor.

"HERE is an old family recipe with a unique flavor that puts it in a party class. As far as I know this recipe has never been published," writes Virginia Barnhurst, Fairview, Pa. "Any left-over meat may be used. Veal or beef is preferable.

1 cup ground meat
1 good tablespoon butter
1 tablespoon minced onion
1 rounded tablespoon flour
1 teaspoon finely chopped parsley
Good pinch powdered mace
½ cup milk
Salt and pepper to taste
1 egg
Fine bread crumbs

"Melt butter in saucepan, simmer onion in it until tender, but not brown. Stir in flour, blend thoroughly, add mace and parsley; cook one minute, then add milk—stir constantly until mixture boils into thick smooth paste. Add meat, stir well, salt and pepper to taste. Turn out to cool on platter. When cold and firm, shape into small croquettes. Roll in fine bread crumbs. Beat egg with 1 tablespoon cold water, season with salt and cayenne. Dip each croquette in egg mixture, then again in crumbs. Fry light brown. Yield: Eight small croquettes."

* * *

CHICKEN CROQUETTES

"THIS is an old recipe, having been in our family at least three generations," writes Mrs. Robert H. Osborne, Sacramento, California. "My grandmother was a Virginia Middleton and I rather think this was one of her Southern recipes. At any rate the croquettes are delicious and my mother (who is now 92 years young) served them in her day and I served them in mine. Recently I revived the idea and find the croquettes taste just as good as ever.

1 pint finely chopped chicken
1 tablespoon salt
½ teaspoon pepper
1 cup chicken stock or cream
1 tablespoon flour
1 teaspoon lemon juice
1 teaspoon onion juice
4 eggs
1 pint cracker crumbs
3 tablespoons butter

"Put stock or cream on to boil. Mix flour and butter, stirring it into the boiling mixture. Add chicken and season. Boil two minutes and add 2 of the eggs which have been well beaten. Take from fire immediately and set aside to cool. Shape into pear shapes. Dip into remaining beaten eggs, alternating with cracker crumbs. Fry in deep fat."

* * *

CORNED BEEF CROQUETTES

"HERE is an easily prepared recipe about which many a time-saving meal may be built," writes Mrs. L. Stuart Fitz-hugh, Standardsville, Virginia. "I am sure you will like it.

1 can corned beef
1 tablespoon sweet cream
1 egg
1 large onion, chopped fine
1 tablespoon flour
Salt and pepper to taste

"Fry in 2 tablespoons hot shortening. Cut corned beef up fine, add egg, cream and flour. Mix this well, then add the chopped onion. Season to taste, make in small cakes and fry in hot shortening until a golden brown."

* * *

CRAB CROQUETTES

"READERS who are fond of crabmeat will like this way of serving them in croquettes," writes Mrs. Elizabeth Oaks, Easton, Pa. "Be sure to try this recipe the next time you have crabmeat.

1 pound shredded crabmeat
2 teaspoons grated onion
1 teaspoon worcestershire sauce
Juice of ½ lemon
Cracker crumbs
1 cup mayonnaise
Cayenne pepper
2 tablespoons butter, fat or oil
3 tablespoons flour
1 egg, beaten
3 tablespoons chopped cucumbers
1 cup milk

"Combine the crabmeat, grated onion, worcestershire sauce, lemon juice, and cayenne pepper. Make a white sauce, using the fat, flour and milk as the basis. Season the white sauce to taste and add the crab mixture to this. Put in a pan to the depth of 2 inches and place in an ice-box to stiffen. When ready to be used, cut the mixture into 2-inch squares, roll in cracker crumbs and beaten egg and saute until golden brown on all sides. Serve with mayonnaise to which the chopped cucumbers have been added. Makes about eight croquettes."

* * *

PEANUT CROQUETTES

"HERE is a recipe for a meatless croquette that is well worth trying," writes Mrs. Maude M. Klinck, Seattle, Washington. "We are very fond of it. To make it, place the following ingredients in a bowl without stirring them:

1 cup sugar
1½ cups flour (sifted)
2 teaspoons baking powder
2 eggs, broken into a cup, then filled with milk
4 tablespoons melted butter
1 teaspoon vanilla

"Beat well and bake in a square pan, in a moderate oven 350 degrees. When cool, cut into inch and a half squares, and ice with the following:

1 pound of powdered sugar
2 tablespoons melted butter and enough condensed milk to spread

"Then roll in ground peanuts. (One pound of peanuts, before they are shelled.) These are delicious."

On the South Sea Island of Toimae, the Gift of a Pickled Pig's Tongue to a Girl, If Offered by a Bachelor, Is Considered a Proposal of Marriage.

SPINACH DISH

TRY IT ON THE LUNCHEON MENU

"MANY a person who ordinarily does not care for spinach will, I am sure, like it when made this way," writes Mrs. R. H. Lowry, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. "Do try it and see if I'm not right.

¾ peck of spinach
6 slices bacon
Butter, size walnut
1 hard boiled egg
1 raw egg
½ cup bread or cracker crumbs

"Wash spinach until clean, drain, put in kettle, pour 1 cup boiling water over spinach. Simmer for 15 minutes. Fry bacon until brown, lay on dish, keep warm. Pour off some grease, scatter crumbs in frying pan, stir until nicely browned, then stir crumbs in spinach. Next stir raw egg into spinach to thicken it. Keep hot, but do not cook. Put spinach in dish, dot with butter. Then lay on strips of bacon, and garnish with sliced hard-boiled egg. Serves 4 or 5 people."

(Ella Lowry, some of our readers who do not like spinach will be grateful to you for this suggestion. We asked four men to sample it for us when we tried it in our test kitchen. Each one asked for the recipe. We served with it tomato salad and hot rolls and coffee. It made a satisfying luncheon menu.—Mary Lee Swann.)

In 221 A. D. Lucius of Rome Ran a Successful Chain of 16 Groceries Which Sold Graded Vegetables in Various Sized Packages.

OLD FASHIONED POT ROAST

ALWAYS WELCOME AT ANY MEAL

"HERE is a recipe that has been in our family for generations. My great-grandmother brought it with her from Europe," writes Mrs. Margot Barclay, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

"You take a nice lean piece of beef about 4 pounds and put it in a deep bowl, then arrange 2 large onions (sliced) over and around it. 8 or 10 black pepper seeds or whole allspice, whichever one prefers; (I've used both with good results) also 4 or 5 bay leaves, then pour on 1½ cups of weak vinegar, strong vinegar may be diluted with water, 1 cup vinegar and ½ cup water.

"Let stand for 12 hours; turning the meat over twice during the day. Take meat out and drain and wipe dry with clean towel, then season and brown in 2 tablespoons butter and 2 tablespoons lard, this must be very hot before adding meat. Brown on both sides. You can use a deep iron skillet or a roast pan, then add a little warm water and cover and place in moderate hot oven and roast it for about three hours or until tender.

"From time to time add a little water, as the meat becomes dry, and this way when adding water you get the gravy at the same time as roasting the meat. When done take meat out and add a very little thickening to gravy. This pot roast is always a favorite dish in our family and also when I have guests for dinner."

(Mrs. Barclay, we prepared the pot roast according to your recipe in the test kitchen. It was very tender and everyone commented upon the excellence of the gravy.—Mary Lee Swann.)

Want to make delicious GRAVY?

ALL YOU DO IS STIR IN A LITTLE KITCHEN BOUQUET

1. FLAVOR: Kitchen Bouquet gives you the most delicious flavor to gravies!
2. COLOR: Kitchen Bouquet makes everything look so appetizing—adds a rich, tempting brown color.
3. EASY TO USE: It's as easy to cook with Kitchen Bouquet. You just season to taste or follow simple recipe included in package.
4. ECONOMICAL: Kitchen Bouquet is so economical to use—goes a long way.

KITCHEN BOUQUET

"It Makes the Gravy"

MONTGOMERY PIE

IT'S ALSO CALLED 'SOMERSAULT PIE'

"THIS recipe has never appeared in print, and is the original recipe of this old fashioned Pennsylvania Dutch pie my mother handed down to me," writes a reader from Buffalo, New York, who forgot to send in her name, but whose $5 prize is waiting for her upon identification. "It is sometimes called Somersault Pie because the dough which is spread over the pastry and the juice over it, turn somersault during the baking process. When done the dough is on top and juice in bottom of pie. Here is how to make the dough:

1 cup sugar
¼ cup butter and lard
1 egg
½ cup sour milk
1¼ cups flour
½ teaspoon soda

"Here is how to prepare the juice:

½ cup molasses
½ cup sugar
1 egg
1 tablespoon flour
1 teaspoon cloves
½ teaspoon cinnamon
1 cup water

"Mix flour, sugar and spices with beaten egg, add molasses and water.

"Spread the dough on unbaked pie shell, pour juice over it and bake. When cold cover with whipped cream and serve."

(This is a most unusual pie and is not only easy to make but is very delicious. When done, the custard part is on the bottom and the cake part on top. Everyone who sampled it for us liked it and asked for the recipe. We baked it in a large glass pie pan and served it from the pan. One fine housekeeper suggests that she will not use any pastry because she would like to have the pie with only the filling or custard part and the cake or dough part—Mary Lee Swann.)

In the 13th Century, Scottish Noblemen Used Napkins Made From Sheep Hide. By Resting the Hide for a Long Period and Using a Secret Process, the Napkin Was Made Soft as Linen.

NEW ENGLAND FUNNEL CAKES

AN ALWAYS POPULAR DOWN EAST RECIPE

"HERE is an old cherished family recipe which I have never seen in print," writes Mrs John Ringsmith, Green Bay, Wisconsin. "The cakes are delicious dusted with sugar, and if preferred, a little cinnamon or maple syrup may be used.

2 eggs
2 cups milk
2¼ cups sifted flour
½ teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon sugar
2 teaspoons baking powder

"Beat eggs well, add milk, salt and sugar and lastly, flour, sifted once more with baking powder. Beat smooth. Place 3 tablespoons batter into small funnel, closing opening with forefinger. Remove finger and pour batter into deep fat, heated to about 375 degrees F. Each filling of funnel makes 3 cakes, and batter should be of right consistency to flow freely. Fry to a golden brown on one side, turn and brown on other. Drain on absorbent paper."

(Mrs. Ringsmith, this is a prize winning variation of an old favorite that should be in every Almanacker's recipe file—Mary Lee Swann.)

YOUR RECIPE MAY WIN $5

The American Weekly will pay $5 for each recipe sent in by readers and used on this page, all publication rights thereafter belonging to The American Weekly. Any kind of recipe may be submitted, the only restriction being that it must be original. In other words, it must not have appeared anywhere in print before. Do not send in any recipe which has appeared in any publication, or in any kind of printed cook book. Write on one side of the paper only. Be sure to give your name and address. And write, or print plainly.

Send your recipe to The American Weekly Housewife's Food Almanack, P. O. Box 191, Grand Central Annex, New York, N. Y. Unused recipes cannot be returned.

Note: The Winner of a $5 Prize Is in No Way Disqualified From Winning Another. If Your Recipe Has Been Published in the Almanack But You Have Another Equally as Good, Send It In.

"HONESTLY, YOU WOULDN'T KNOW JACKIE!"

"REMEMBER how listless and peaked he was? I was terribly worried. But now . . . why, Jackie's the picture of health! He's gained pounds and is so full of bounce and energy . . . Yes, of *course* there's a reason why . . ."

COCOMALT has helped *hundreds* of children gain needed weight and energy! For COCOMALT is a food-drink—providing Vitamins A, B, and D, and calcium, iron and phosphorus, which help build sound health. It's so delicious, too! Children love its chocolate malt flavor. Serve COCOMALT, hot or cold, to your family—today!

Energy BY THE GLASSFUL!

"You'll love OLD-FASHIONED STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE made this Spry *FULL FLAVOR* way"

FULL FLAVOR Strawberry Shortcakes

2 cups sifted flour
¾ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons sugar
3 teaspoons baking powder
½ cup Spry
½ cup milk (about)
1 quart fresh strawberries, sliced or crushed and sweetened (a few whole ones reserved for garnish)
½ cup heavy cream, whipped

Sift flour with salt, sugar and baking powder. Cut in Spry until mixture is as fine as meal. Add milk, mixing to a soft dough. Knead lightly about 20 seconds. Roll ¾-inch thick. Cut with 3-inch biscuit cutter and place on Spryoiled baking sheet. Bake in very hot oven (450° F.) 10 to 12 minutes.

Split biscuits, butter each half, and put together with berries. Top with sweetened whipped cream and strawberries. Serves 6. Delicious made with other fresh berries and fruits, too. Save this Spry recipe, use all summer. Use purer Spry for FULL FLAVOR cakes, pies and fried foods, too. Hear the compliments.

(All measurements in this recipe are level)

Delicate Spry biscuit crust lets you get the FULL fruity flavor of the berries

IS THERE any other flavor in the world so enticing as fresh strawberries and cream? But make sure you get the FULL flavor. Don't risk dulling its deliciousness with crust that's even the tiniest bit off-flavor. Don't *dream* of using ordinary shortenings. Make it with purer Spry. See how light and tender the crust is, too, how easily mixed. Get Spry and make it now!

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MAKE THIS SIMPLE TEST TODAY

EYES OVERWORKED? Do they smart and burn? Just put two drops of Murine in each eye. Right away its six *extra ingredients* start to *cleanse* and *soothe*. You get—

QUICK RELIEF! Murine washes away irritation. Your eyes feel *refreshed*. Murine is *alkaline*—pure and gentle. It helps thousands—start today to let it help you, too.

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RELAX

and enjoy feeding your baby. Patented pull-tab gives you an easy, sanitary means of attaching the "Sani-Tab" nipple to the bottle. Reinforced shoulders keep it from turning inside out. For your free copy of "The Right Way to Feed Your Baby" write Davol Rubber Company, Department A5, Providence, R. I.

The "Sani-Tab" Ball-top Style

ORIGINAL, EXCLUSIVE STYLES!

DO YOU like to look individual—smart, yet just a little different? The patterns appearing in this and every issue of THE AMERICAN WEEKLY are specially designed to give women readers original, exclusive fashions. Turn to the patterns in this issue. NOW!

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MODERN! DIFFERENT!

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25¢ & 10¢ AT ALL DRUG DEPT. & 10¢ STORES

NON-MESSY • NON-STICKY • NON-GREASY

IF THERE'S anything new in the field of science, you will find it described in THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

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Almanack Echoes

Palefaces Like Indian Fish Fry Too

Dear Almanack:

This being the time when many people begin to plan for vacations and fishing, I am submitting a recipe which they may enjoy. While fishing in Canada amongst the Indians I became interested in the way they fried their fish. It is very rich and tasty.

Take a 2 to 4 pound pike, bass or what have you. Skin this fish, do not scale it. Remove the dorsal fin. Now remove the head and clean the fish. Skinning a fish is much easier than scaling. Cleaning a fish this way should take about five minutes.

Cut the fish in pieces about 3 to 3½ inches in length. Then cut crosswise (about 3 cuts to each piece down to the bone, but not through the bone). These cuts are to be put on each side of the bone. The reason is to allow for proper seasoning. Dry these pieces of fish thoroughly with a towel. Now salt and pepper these pieces thoroughly. Salting and peppering fish before

frying does not toughen the fish when fried this way.

Take a frying pan about 12 inches in diameter and 2½ to 3 inches deep. Fry 4 slices of bacon, as desired, for each person to be served. After frying out all the bacon, remove it from the pan and place on a piece of brown paper to drain, then place bacon in a warming oven. Now add ¾ pound of butter to this bacon grease. Heat this combination thoroughly on a very hot fire.

The butter and bacon grease will foam and rise in the pan almost to overflowing. Don't worry. It will not run over. Keep it on this hot fire until the foam turns brown in color, similar to the color of doughnuts. (This is the secret in frying the fish right, otherwise the fish will be cooked and soggy.)

When the proper color has been obtained, place pieces of fish carefully into the pan. Bear in mind no batter is to be used. After frying the fish for about four minutes, turn them over on the other side for another four minutes. If your fire is hot, the fish should now be brown. Carefully remove from the pan and serve with the bacon. You may think this is a lot of butter to use, but you are not wasting any. The grease that is left can be used for frying potatoes or anything else. There is positively no fish taste to this grease. The oily or fishy taste is in the skin, of the fish and this has been removed before frying.

If desired you may boil potatoes (cut in quarters), slice up onions and brown these onions in this grease, then place boiled potatoes in a bowl and pour this mixture of butter, bacon and onions over the potatoes. This gets away from French fries or potato salad, takes less time and you may like it better. I have served this combination to many of my friends, and whenever we go fishing or have a fish fry, I am elected to do the cooking; but then I'd rather cook than wash dishes any time.

John C. Koch,
Buffalo, N. Y.

(Mr. Koch, you have very clearly given directions for preparing a fish fry, something that many readers always ask about at this time of the year. We are sure that your fine recipe will be put to good use by many of our Izaak Waltons and their friends.—The Editor.)

BREAD PUDDING

Dear Almanack:

Like Mrs. Lownds, of Newberg, Oregon, we are very fond of bread pudding and serve it frequently but vary it each time by:

Using day-old raisin bread, whole wheat bread or sweet pecan rolls. Sometimes I butter slices of bread with peanut butter and cut in squares, again, I melt brown sugar and butter and produce a carmel pudding. Melting an ounce of bitter chocolate and adding to the milk is very good, or mixing a handful of semi-sweet chocolate gives a different taste. I am giving you the recipe for the one we like best.

Butter bread and spread with orange marmalade. Cut in squares and place in buttered casserole. To 2 cups of milk (canned may be used) add 2 well beaten yolks and ½ cup sugar. Beat well, add a pinch of salt and a teaspoon of vanilla. Beat the whites stiff and gently fold into the mixture. Bake at 350 degrees until done. This produces a light, spongy pudding.

Bread pudding may also be made from crumbs. This is delicious when a can of drained fruit salad is added before baking. If chilled in the ice-box it can be unmolded and served in slices topped with a spoonful of currant jelly.

Helen C. Marcus,
Cleveland, Ohio

(Mrs. Marcus, we like your bread pudding version very much. It deserves a prize.—Mary Lee Swann.)

NOW A RE-ECHO

Dear Almanack:

May I come in with a little re-echo from a recent echo recipe?

To the lady who introduced "holeya"—the biscuits with molasses-filled craters; my children proclaimed them delicious and have concocted a variation which they think even better.

Make a hole in the center of a lightly toasted bun, drop in a bit of butter, and fill with the syrup drained from preserved strawberries. Gooey, but good!

And may I include a tip for another juvenile treat?

Simply roll out excess pie dough, spread with melted butter, sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon, roll like a jelly-roll, cut into slices and bake. They're as good as they smell.

Mrs. Lea Ryan,
Defiance, Ohio.

(Mrs. Ryan, we are grateful to you for your re-echo which has some very helpful information — Mary Lee Swann.)

Appetizing Menus for the Week

by MaryLee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*
Grapefruit, Whole Grain Cereal, Rolled Omelet, Bacon, Toast, Milk or Coffee.	Tomato Juice, Coddled Eggs, Bacon, Melba Toast, Coffee.	Sliced Oranges, Cereal, French Toast, Bacon, Marmalade, Coffee.	Pineapple and Strawberries, Cereal, Poached Eggs, Broiled Bacon, Toasted Ice-Box Rolls, Coffee.	Rhubarb and Bananas, Cereal, Bread-Crumb Griddle-Cakes, Syrup, Coffee.	Strawberries, Cereal, Steamed Salt Pork, Potato Cakes, Milk or Coffee.	Orange Juice, Cereal, Soft-Cooked Eggs, Toast, Coffee.
Luncheon	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon (Company)*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Dinner*
Old-Fashioned Kidney Rolls, Green Beans, Chiffonade Green Salad, Crisp Rye Wafers, Apple Tarts, Tea.	Virginia Cheese Pudding, Jellied Vegetable Salad with Lettuce and Romaine, Apple Bran Muffins, Lemon Gelatin, Custard Sauce, Tea.	Baked Bean Soup, Grilled Sweetbreads with Bacon and Mushrooms, Tomato and Green Bouquet Salad, Ice-Box Rolls, Glazed Strawberry Tarts, Coffee.	Fruit Cocktail, Creamed Dried Beef and Cheese Shortcake, Asparagus, Celery, Mixed Green Salad, Baking-Powder Babas, Apricot Sauce.	Sea-Food Bisque, Crisp Rye Wafers, Spring Fruit Salad, Turnovers, Coffee.	Peanut Salad, Melba Toast, Julienne Raw Carrots, Celery Hearts, Brown Sugar Tarts.	Vichyssoise, Roast Chicken, Dressing, Green Asparagus Tips, Grilled Tomatoes, Green Bouquet Salad, Old-Fashioned Strawberry Ice Cream, Hot Individual Pound Cakes or Lemon Queens, Coffee.
Dinner	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Supper (Picnic)*
Potato and Leek Soup, Ham Cutlets with Steamed Apples, Buttered Noodles, Broccoli or Asparagus Salad, Mayonnaise, Strawberry Surprise.	Stuffed Cushion of Spring Lamb with Celery Dressing, Buttered Green Peas, Baby Beets, Cucumber Salad, French Dressing, Mint Sherbet.	Deviled Salmon in Rice or Noodle Ring, Green Peas and Carrot Cubes, Cabbage Salad, Pineapple Charlotte.	Beef Potroast, Cape Cod Style, Individual Side Dishes Spaghetti, Cabbage, Tomato Salad, Chives French Dressing, Strawberry Ice Cream, Sponge Cake.	Fruit Plate Broiled Fish Buttered Green Bean Julienne Potatoes, Asparagus and Radish Sal Pears wit Butterscotch Sauce.	Mayonnaise, Lemon Chiffon.	Baked Bean Sandwiches, Apple Turnovers, Hot Coffee or Cocoa in Vacuum Bottle, Chilled Milk in Vacuum Bottle.

BLONDES!

TRY THIS NEW
11 Minute Shampoo
AT HOME TONIGHT

Specially Made for Blondes—Helps Keep Light Hair from Darkening—Brightens Faded Blonde Hair

1. Not a bleach! It's a fragrant powder that quickly makes a rich cleansing lather.
2. Instantly removes dull dingy dust-laden film that makes blonde hair dark and old looking.
3. Called BLONDEX. It gives hair attractive lustre and highlights—keeps that "Just Shampooed" look for a whole week.
4. Lightens hair with absolute safety. Use it for children's hair. Largest selling blonde shampoo in the world.

Get BLONDEX at 10c, drug and dept. stores.

APPLY Your POWDER Automatically

JUVA-TEX

JUVA-TEX AUTOMATIC COMPACT
Now RELEASED and Filters Powder to Your Face in a smooth-as-satin film

For the first time in history you can have a perfect Automatic Bubble foam Compact, washable 20 times, good as new. Over 10 million women all over the world have changed from the old-fashioned Compacts and Powder Puffs to the new Juva-Tex. Made by patented process, result of modern science. Juva-Tex holds a 10 day supply of powder. No spilling, no mess, no waste. If your makeup does not improve in 10 days, return to me for refund. Millions used it—now only 10c. At drug, dept. or 10c stores or send 10c to manufacturer:
Chas. E. Zimmerman, 412-420 Orleans St., Chicago

WONDERFUL WAY TO REMOVE
LOOSE DANDRUFF

If you want hair that's free from ugly loose dandruff, get a bar of Sayman's Vegetable Wonder Soap at any drug, grocery, department or variety store. Cut bar into thin slivers and dissolve slivers in quart of lukewarm water. This makes a full quart of a fine liquid shampoo that will thoroughly cleanse your hair of loose dandruff, dirt, grease and grime . . . that rinses away completely without leaving any soapy film. One bar makes enough liquid shampoo for eight, ten or even twelve scalp cleansings—at a total cost of not more than 10¢. Ask for Sayman's Vegetable Wonder Soap.

FRECKLES FOR SALE?

Of course, you can't sell them . . . nor even give them away! In fact, you would be willing to pay something to lose them.

Well, that explains why so many millions of jars of Othine have been sold during the past 50 years. Othine isn't guaranteed to remove freckles permanently . . . no product can do that . . . but it does lighten them and often bleaches them away for a considerable time.

Simple to use, apply a little of this delicately scented white cream, as directed, before retiring. The use of one jar must please you, or money refunded. At your drug counter.

OTHINE Face Bleach

Your Hidden Beauty

revealed by using
Mercolized Wax Cream

A simple way to remove the dull, drabness of your complexion and reveal the lighter, lovelier skin tones. Just use Mercolized Wax Cream as directed. Its active ingredients help to flake off the older, darkened surface skin in minute, almost invisible particles, revealing a fairer, fresher, underskin. **Beauty Astringent** tightens loose surface skin. Gives a delightful sense of freshness. Reduces coarse surface oil. Dissolve Saxolite Astringent in one-half pint witch hazel and use daily, morning or evening. **Tokalon Beauty Mask**—Try this cooling, soothing and refreshing facial. We believe you will like it.

ATTENTION! ITCHING SKIN SUFFERERS

Don't give up! For the itching, burning torment of eczema or local irritation, try soothing Resinol. For 45 years it has given comfort to many sufferers and it is waiting to help you.

Buy and try it today. For free sample write Resinol, X-11, Baltimore, Md.

RESINOL At all druggists

For the MOST BEAUTIFUL of ECRU shades . . . use
Tintex
CURTAIN ECRU
A glorious ecru that makes faded curtains like new. Easy to use . . . long-lasting . . . perfect . . . used by millions!
10¢ & 15¢ sizes at Drug, Dept. & 10¢ Stores
TINTEX Saves you Money
PARK & TILFORD PRODUCT

Almanack Hints

MARBLES

For the boys that love to play marbles. These Spring winds, chapped hands and all the dirt makes the hands rough. So rub some white vaseline well into your hands and then wash dishes for mother, a few times, and this will take the roughness away.

Mrs. Victoria Konwiczka,
Depew, N.Y.

* * *

SLIPS

Try keeping two pillow slips on your pillows, and make the under ones from the corners and ends of your sheets. Your pillows will stay cleaner and look better, too.

Mrs. L. H. W. Hall,
Dodge City, Kansas.

* * *

COMFORTABLE

Instead of throwing away your old comfortable shoes when the arches have lowered just place in medium sized powder puff under arch of foot when putting on shoe. After exact place is found glue puff to shoe. Many more foot hours with comfort.

Mrs. William Drake,
Milwaukee, Wis.

* * *

LOCATOR

My sister has a novel way of locating my young nephew when she allows him to play with the other children. She puts on him a bright colored sweater or blouse and is easy able to distinguish him when she wants him.

Mrs. R. F. Doyle,
Tudor City, N. Y.

* * *

GLIDES

When I make my starch for my clothes I always put in a good tablespoon of salt and this makes it so very easy to iron the clothes. The iron just seems to glide over the clothes.

Mrs. M. A. Parker,
San Diego, Calif.

* * *

PIE

Instead of sprinkling each layer of apples with cinnamon and sugar, slice as many apples as you will need for filling, then mix your sugar and cinnamon (I add a dash of nutmeg) together and mix thoroughly through apples. Let stand till pie dough is made quickly, then fill. The apples are really flavored evenly. Incidentally, put apples with butter before putting on top crust.

Mrs. David Rosen,
Harrisburg, Pa.

* * *

ALMONDS

An easy, better way to remove skins from almonds than the "boiling water" method, is to soak them overnight, or at least 5 or 6 hours in cold water. The skins are then easily removed. The old method of boiling water cooks and toughens the nut, making it difficult to digest.

Mrs. Thomas G. Hasen,
Jackson Heights, L. I.
New York

* * *

SUBSTITUTE

If you do not have a special board for pressing sleeves, here is a convenient substitute; roll up a large magazine, fasten it

HAVE you a time or money-saving hint to pass on to other Almanackers? Such ideas are worth sharing with other readers, and the Almanack wants to print them—the more the merrier. For each such hint sent in and used in this department we will pay $1, so may send in as many as you want. Hints not used cannot be returned. Please keep them short and to the point and address: ALMANACK HINTS EDITOR, P. O. Box 191, Grand Central Annex, New York.

th rubber bands and tuck it o the sleeve.

M. Stephens,
West New York, N. J.

* * *

CUTTING

For a clean, smooth surface for utting dress material, use a ce of oilcloth 3½ or 4 yards ng spread on the floor. By ntening it to a broomstick, the oth can be rolled and stored.

Duane Gorham,
San Jose, Calif.

IN TIME FOR PICNICS
The Almanack Outdoor Chart with my fine picnic recipes will be ready ext week.

HAVING A BABY?

● Consult your doctor. Ask him about Hygeia Nursing Bottle, now in heat-resistant glass. Replacement offer protects even from dropping. Hygeia Nipples easy to clean. At your druggist's.

New HYGEIA
HEAT-RESISTANT NURSING BOTTLE
2 year replacement offer

The American Weekly Patterns

Pattern 3312—Casual, yet soft and feminine . . . simple, yet pretty enough to wear anywhere —you NEED this button-front dress! The waistband and deep yoke are smart details. Designed for misses' and women's sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 16 requires 3⅝ yards 35-inch fabric.

Pattern 3286—Here's clever double-talk in a kiddie style that makes a scallop-yoked frock or a cool sun dress. Make them in crisp cotton. Designed for children's sizes 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10. Size 6, dress, requires 1¾ yards 35-inch fabric; sun frock, 1⅝ yards.

Pattern 3313—It's the ideal style for those warm days ahead. The soft bodice lines and pointed skirt panels spell flattery and make it an easy-to-wear frock. Designed for women's sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48 and 50. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 39-inch fabric.

Pattern 3311—In this lovely floral crochet, you have a chair or buffet set that's distinctive! Enjoy doing this filet crochet in your leisure hours. Use fine cotton. Pattern 3311 contains directions and charts for making set, illustration of it and stitches, material requirements.

PRICE OF PATTERNS 15¢ EACH

Every pattern contains a large, complete, easily-followed sewing guide. To order these easy-to-make patterns, write plainly SIZES, PATTERN NUMBERS, YOUR NAME, STREET ADDRESS, CITY and STATE. Enclose 15¢ in coins for each pattern and address your envelope to

AMERICAN WEEKLY
PATTERN DEPT.,
635 SIXTH AVENUE,
NEW YORK, N. Y.

Due to customs restrictions, Canadian orders cannot be filled.

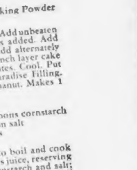
GETTING READY FOR "PUTTING UP" TIME

Will there be canned cherries, grape catsup, elderberry jelly, celery and pepper relish, gingered tomatoes and other delicious preserves on your pantry shelf this year? You'll find recipes for them and other equally as good in the bands of 21 Almanack Preserves Recipe" Chart. Also chutney for—

22 Favorite Hebrew Recipes
18 Almanack Casserole Recipes
21 Almanack Candy Recipes
18 Famous Almanack Recipes
18 Almanack Cookie Recipes
21 New England Recipes
20 Popular Salad Recipes
15 Favorite Bread and Roll Recipes

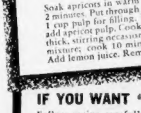
will be sent to you on receipt of a three-cent stamp for each. Write name and address plainly.
ALMANACK RECIPES DEPARTMENT, THE AMERICAN WEEKLY, 136, 850 EIGHT AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY.

Mrs. Walker wins a prize for inventing this "Paradise" Cake!



Mrs. E. M. Walker just can't resist experimenting with recipes. Her prize-winning Paradise Cake combines old family cake recipe with a heavenly new filling of her own. We think little blue-eyed "Peaches" Walker is mighty lucky to have such a good cook for a mother!

PARADISE CAKE



To duplicate the prize-winning results with this recipe you must use Royal Baking Powder as Mrs. Walker did. Its action is different than others, and to help get delicious prize-worthy cakes *every time* you bake, rely on Royal—the *steady action* baking powder, made with wholesome Cream of Tartar.

⅔ cup shortening
1½ cups sugar
2 eggs
1 teaspoon lemon extract
2½ cups cake flour
½ teaspoon salt
3 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
¾ cup milk

Cream shortening; add sugar slowly, beating in well. Add unbeaten eggs, one at a time, beating well after each egg is added. Add lemon extract. Sift together dry ingredients and add alternately with milk to first mixture. Bake in 2 greased nine-inch layer cake pans in moderate oven at 375° F. about 25 minutes. Cool. Put layers together and cover top and sides with Paradise Filling. Sprinkle top and sides with 1 cup shredded cocoanut. Makes 1 two-layer cake.

PARADISE FILLING

1 cup dried apricots
1½ cups warm water
1½ cups powdered sugar
1½ tablespoons cornstarch
⅛ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons lemon juice
4 bananas

Soak apricots in warm water for 1 hour; bring to boil and cook 2 minutes. Put through sieve. Drain pulp of excess juice, reserving 1 cup pulp for filling. Mix powdered sugar, cornstarch and salt; add apricot pulp. Cook in double boiler about 15 minutes or until thick, stirring occasionally. Peel and slice bananas; add to apricot mixture; cook 10 minutes longer or until bananas are softened. Add lemon juice. Remove from heat. Beat until smooth. Cool.

IF YOU WANT "PRIZE-WINNING" RESULTS—

Follow recipe carefully, using level measurements! Oven temperature is important, and above all—remember the important part baking powder plays in cake results. *Steady action* baking powder, like Royal, begins expansion the *moment* it is stirred into the batter. Royal cakes have a fine, *even* texture . . . do not dry out quickly . . . keep their delicious flavor and moisture *longer*. For four generations outstanding cooks have relied on dependable Royal for all their baking. They *know* what Royal could do. Why not follow their example to help you get delicious prize-winning results, every time?

YOU SHOULD KNOW

Royal is the only nationally distributed baking powder made with Cream of Tartar, a product of fresh, wholesome grapes. Pure Cream of Tartar makes Royal cost more per can—but the difference *per baking* between Royal and ordinary baking powders is only a *fraction of a cent*. Use dependable Royal whenever you bake—it's well worth the difference in price.

FREE—ROYAL COOK BOOK. If you bake at home you'll want a copy of the Royal Cook Book which tells how to make delicious cakes, biscuits, muffins, pies, puddings and main dishes. Send your name and address to Royal Baking Powder, 691 Washington St., New York City, Dept. AW-5.

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WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS ABOUT SAFEGUARDING BEAUTY

also applies to safeguarding Foods!

YOU know what *dryness* does to a lovely complexion, how it destroys your attractiveness unless you're constantly on guard. Dryness—*dry cold*—is the enemy of foods as well. It makes *them* old before their time—robs them of freshness, flavor and nutrition. Thus foods, too, need protection against drying out.

Melting ice in an air-conditioned *ice* refrigerator gives them this protection—provides just the *proper moisture* to keep vegetables garden-fresh, meats juicy and full-flavored—does it naturally, scientifically. And more—the remarkable new ice refrigerator guards foods against the exchanging of flavors. No other type of refrigerator provides the *three-way* protection of constant cold *plus* proper moisture *plus* clean-washed, vitalized air!

With all its advantages the air-conditioned ice refrigerator costs only a third to a half as much as other types—and a servicing of ice lasts three to five days longer. Nothing to get out of order . . . no noise . . . no defrosting. Plenty of pure, crystal-clear, taste-free ice cubes in three to five minutes—all you want, *when* you want them.

See this remarkable new air-conditioned ice refrigerator *at once*—get *all* the facts about its amazing economy and efficiency.

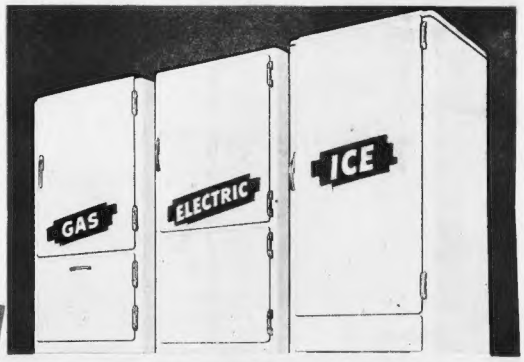
NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF ICE INDUSTRIES
228 North La Salle Street, Chicago, Ill. • In Canada: 137 Wellington St. W., Toronto

LOOK FOR THIS SEAL... for your protection it is placed *only* on genuine air-conditioned ice refrigerators which conform to rigid standards of construction and performance established by the National Association of Ice Industries—refrigerators built to give you complete food protection and a lifetime of trouble-free, economical service.

FOR PERFECT REFRIGERATION
Cold alone is not enough..**USE ICE!**

WE CHALLENGE YOU TO LOOK AT ALL 3!

Before you buy any refrigerator get the facts about all 3 types—then choose. We challenge you to match the 1941 air-conditioned ICE refrigerator in sheer *food-keeping ability*—in its provision of both *proper moisture* and *clean-washed air*, in addition to constant cold. We challenge you to match its *economy*—its freedom from breakdowns, from defrosting and from noise!



ONLY $39.50 SAVES ½ to ⅔

The beautiful ice refrigerator illustrated above is a large family size priced at only **$39.50.** Genuine 1941 air-conditioned ice refrigerators recommended by the National Association of Ice Industries are manufactured under the following trade names: COOLERATOR, McKEE ICEDAIRE, OLYMPIC, PROGRESS and VITALAIRE. There is a wide variety of styles and sizes available on *easy terms* at prices from $29.50 up, f.o.b. factory.

WHERE YOU CAN SEE THE 1941 AIR-CONDITIONED ICE REFRIGERATORS

BOSTON

Boston Refrigerator Co.
The City Ice & Fuel Co.
Metropolitan Ice Co.

MASSACHUSETTS

ATTLEBORO—Attleboro Ice Co.
AYER—Ayer Ice Co.
CAMBRIDGE—Metropolitan Ice Co.
CHELSEA—H. B. Cummings Co.
DENNIS—A. H. Howes
FITCHBURG—Couture Brothers, Balduc Ice Mfg. Co., Fitchburg Ice Co.
FRAMINGHAM—Cove Ice Co.
GARDNER—Peoples Ice & Coal Co.
GLOUCESTER—Cape Pond Ice Co.
HOLYOKE—Electric Ice & Sales Corp., Holyoke Ice & Fuel Co.
HUDSON—R. S. Lamson & Sons
HYANNIS—E. Henry Phinney
LAWRENCE—Evergure Ice Co., Lawrence Ice Co.
LEOMINSTER—Leominster Ice Co., Harris Ice Co.
LOWELL—McDonald Ice Co., Daniel Gage, Inc.
LUDLOW—Blanchard Ice Co., Pure Ice Co.
MARBLEHEAD—Marblehead Ice Co.
MARLBORO—Peoples Ice Co.
MEDFORD—Metropolitan Ice Co.
MIDDLEBORO—E. S. Pratt Co.
MILTON—Metropolitan Ice Company G. R. Meyers Ice & Coal Co.
NANTUCKET—Island Service Co.
NATICK—Framingham & Natick Ice Mfg. Company
NEEDHAM—Needham Ice Co.
NORTHAMPTON—Norwood Ice Co.
ORANGE—Henderson Ice Service Co.
PITTSFIELD—Berkshire Sanitary Ice Co.
PLYMOUTH—Cape Refrigerating Co.
PROVINCETOWN—Crowley Ice Co.
QUINCY—Granite City Ice Co., Robert C. Mills, Allan O. Pehrson, James H. Smith
ROCKLAND—Craig & Johnson
SALEM—Metropolitan Ice Co.
SHIRLEY—Shirley Ice & Wood Co.
SOMERVILLE—Metropolitan Ice Co.
SOUTHBRIDGE—McKinstry Ice Co.
SPRINGFIELD—American Ice & Fuel Co., Colonial Ice Co., Liberty Ice Co., R. Mango, Mico, Inc., Sanitary Ice & Fuel Co., Springfield Ice Co.
WALTHAM—Waltham Ice Co.
WAREHAM—W. H. Westgate
WATERTOWN—Metropolitan Ice Co.
WEBSTER—Webster Ice Co.
WELLESLEY HILLS—Metropolitan Ice Co.
WESTFIELD—Gladwin & Lane
WOBURN—Metropolitan Ice Co.
WORCESTER—Walker Cool & Ice Co., Tatnuck Ice Company

CONNECTICUT

NORWICH—Crystal Ice Co.
PUTNAM—Medbury & Trowbridge

MAINE

AUGUSTA—Augusta Ice Co.
BANGOR—Bangor Ice Co., Getchell Brothers
BAR HARBOR—Brewer Ice Co.
LEWISTON—Lake Auburn Crystal Ice Co.
PORTLAND—Portland Sebago Ice Co.
RUMFORD—Rumford Ice Co.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

HANOVER—Hanover Ice Co.
LEBANON—Hanover Ice Co.
MANCHESTER—Manchester Ice & Coal Co., Moore & Preston Coal Co.
NASHUA—Balcan Nashua Ice Co.
PORTSMOUTH—Badger Rand Ice Co.

RHODE ISLAND

BRISTOL—N. J. & H. W. Vermette
PAWTUCKET—Pawtucket Ice Co.
PROVIDENCE—George R. Holmes, Inc.

VERMONT

BELLOWS FALLS—Bellows Falls Ice Co.
BRANDON—Hollis J. Richmond
BRATTLEBORO—Crystal Springs Ice Co.
POULTNEY—Crystal Ice Co.
RICHFORD—A. G. Carliss
RUTLAND—Eddy Ice Co.
ST. ALBANS—The City Ice & Fuel Co.
SPRINGFIELD—Springfield Ice Co.
WINDSOR—Stacey Coal & Ice Co.